

Sports Illustrated

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Next week

THE SPORTSMAN of the Year question is answered in an issue that also covers pro football's denouement in the NFC West. Dan Jenkins reviews the college bowl games and wonders whether all these big favorites will really win, while Ed Gilbert, in a sconeclastic essay, pokes into some shadowed areas in the complex world of sport. Strictly for laughs is a collection of the year's funniest photographs, but Charles Goren's Christmas Bridge Quiz is both fun and instruction. Robert Cantwell and Frank Slaughter track down the angling odyssey of the preeminent American painter, Winslow Homer, and seven of the artist's watercolors are vividly and faithfully reproduced.

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SHOPWALK

Fly fishing at a discount? Perhaps it isn't done, but somebody is doing it

A year and a half ago Sam Melner decided to beat the commuter rat race to New York City. The president of Liveright, a publishing house, he quit to start a new venture from the basement of his Westchester home: selling fly-fishing books at a discount by mail order. Perfect strangers told him he was crazy, but Melner took an ad in *The Fly Fisherman* magazine, and the response was such that he issued a small catalog. He is now doing business from a full floor over a local grocery, selling both books and fly tackle under the name of The Fly Fisherman's Bookcase Tackle Service (Melner also sells discount bird books under the name of the Audubon Bookcase).

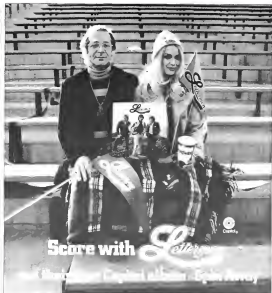
THE FIFTH 1972 Christmas catalog offers such new books as *Art Fluk's Master Fly-Tying Guide* at \$8.50 and Ernest Schwabert's *Nymphs* at \$7.75, plus previously published books, for instance, McCleave's *Standard Fishing Encyclopedia* at \$16.95. Under the imprint of Van Nostrand Press, Melner has reprinted Hewitt's *A Trout and Salmon Fisherman for Seniors* (1961), \$6.95, and LaBranche's *The Dry Fly and Fast Water Trout* (1964), \$5.95. The books have done well, although some older mail-order houses refuse to handle them. Cutting prices is apparently out of place in gently bred fly-fishing circles.

On average Melner discounts tackle at about 15%. For the comparison shopper here are some sample offerings from the Christmas catalog. Hardy "Princes" reel, \$38.50 (\$43.50), Scientific Anglers Fly Lane DFE-6-F, \$9.95 (\$11), Scientific Anglers System 6 Fly Rod, \$59.95 (\$75).

The catalog has some offbeat items, such as the incredibly fine Pezon-Michel split shot at 90¢ a box, very useful for tying weighted nymphs, an 18-pocket fishing vest for \$12.95, and a custom-made fly-tying bench for \$13.95. The selection of fly-tying materials includes "The Ultimate Neckties," priced depending on color, from \$3 to \$4.50 each. Incidentally, the catalog carries the Philipson Master Fly Rods, which some anglers might deem "cheap." They are literally cheap at \$16.95, but Melner recommends them because he believes they are better than many higher-priced rods on the market. "We're trying to give as much value for the dollar as we possibly can and still maintain quality," Melner says. "If a customer is dissatisfied with anything, he can return it for a full refund."

The Christmas catalog can be obtained by writing The Fly Fisherman's Bookcase Tackle Service, 138 Grand Street, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520. If you are a bird watcher, write to the same address for the discount listings of the Audubon Bookcase.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

If the Detroit Lions had permitted themselves a sentimental lapse 16 months ago, their most literate alumnus and our old friend George Plimpton might never have had the chance to investigate this season's perplexing collapse of the Baltimore Colts, a phenomenon he begins to describe on page 30 of this issue. Plimpton, of course, had been the quintly adopted rookie of the 1963 Detroit training camp, where he survived various physical tortures, made lasting friendships and gathered the material for his book *Proper Loss*. So when a television producer asked George to convert his reportage into a one-hour documentary, he reasonably turned to the Lions, who, perhaps as reasonably, turned him down.

Detroit's decision was more the product of present than of past circumstances. "Joe Schmidt was the best friend I ever had," George says, "but he thought his team had a crack at the championship, and having a bunch of cameras around would have taken the fine edge off his players' competitive instincts. So instead I ended up with the Colts and had a marvelous time with all of them, but it was very weird to have had this great allegiance to one team and then find that I had the same involvement with another." And how about the Lions' surprise? Here is their onetime Boswell, now Plimpton the Colt, returning to face them in an exhibition game at Ann Arbor, where he quarterbacked his usual four plays to gain 21 yards (George admits this probably had less to do with any improvement on his part than with a 15-yard penalty for roughing the passer).

Although involvement is a much overworked word, it continues to be the key to Plimpton's approach to his craft. As for results, his football experience with Detroit and Baltimore has led to a new book, entitled *Of Man, Dogs and Bears*, to be released next fall. Drawing heavily on the reminiscences of Alex Karras and John Gordy (SI, Nov. 13), it began as a hook on linemen but grew to include a diary that Plimpton wrote two-hand-

ed during his tenure with the Colts — because a practice left him with a dislocated thumb. Another book is forthcoming on pro basketball as the fruit of an exhausting month with the Boston Celtics ("You just run your guns out doing that damn thing"), and three more TV shows loom in Plimpton's future. "One on boxing, which I really don't like to think about very much, one on rock music, and I haven't decided what the third will be. The sport I'd like to do is hockey."

While the real possibility of physical damage seems a trifling concern to Plimpton in his devotion to participant

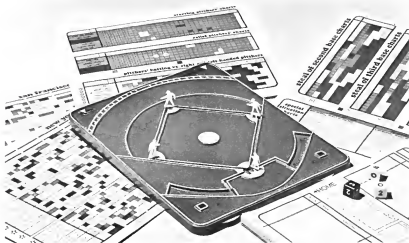


PLIMPTON, NO. 1, BITES THE TARTAN TUFF

journalism, he does draw the line at the political arena. "I might win," he says, "then I'd be stuck with a constituency, and it with me." Withal, George offers no apology for his method of discovering what makes the athlete or his organization tick. "I think the device is a viable one," he says, "as long as you remember you're a reporter getting a firsthand portrait of the people who play the game. One's own adventure pales beside all that. If you did it just to see what prevails with the amateur, it would be hopeless—an ego trip."

Perhaps it is this attitude that makes Plimpton, the amateur's amateur, the literary pro he is.

Sack



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREYMER

SHAM AND AM

The question of amateurism is a continuing one, with every Tom, Dick and Avery offering profound comments on what should or should not be done about it. Double standards abound, and cheating, if that is the operative word, is rife. It is interesting, then, to learn that Great Britain's Football Association, which rules soccer, has decided to exorcise the word "amateur" from its rules. Beginning in 1974 all FA athletes will be classified simply as "players." This was done, presumably, to allow the true amateur and the hitherto sham amateur to live together, which is what they have been doing for years, without sin. The so-called amateurs who receive bonuses for joining a team and for winning, who are paid weekly "salaries" and who are guaranteed employment off the field, can now be reimbursed openly.

Denis Follows, secretary of the FA, said, "My headache is gone. It's been passed on to the tax man. I have no objection to people receiving money for playing football. What I object to is people being paid and not paying taxes. I don't like cheats and I don't like deception."

Bill Wickson, secretary of one of the most tradition-minded FA clubs, said, "The concept of a true amateur can no longer exist, but it can be retained in the spirit and manner in which the game is played. It will be a much happier world now that this hypocrisy has been swept away."

FRYING PAN

Events at Southern Methodist University underscore the precarious nature of coaching football. SMU fired Hayden Fry as head coach and athletic director after receiving a recommendation from the school's board of governors that he be dismissed. Recommend, in this instance, meant to do it, and it was done.

So Fry is gone after an 11-year term, and with two years remaining on his contract. His overall record was 49-66-1,

but he won as many games in his first season as his predecessor had in his last two. Only four years later, in 1966, SMU won its first Southwest Conference title in 18 years. And since then only Texas and Arkansas have better league records. Fry's 1972 Mustang team won its last three games to finish 7-4 and tie for second in the conference. "He got a raw deal," said Quarterback Keith Boho. "I don't like it."

Fry at first blamed a Dallas Cowboy evaluation of his coaching performance as a reason for his dismissal but later recanted. "I was just repeating what I heard," he said. "My relations with the Cowboys were excellent."

Nonetheless, SMU's inability to compete at the gate with the Cowboys was a prime factor. The people who support SMU's football program wanted a new image and a new coach, and Fry had to go.

TO RUN AND WIN

The famous old gambling man and thoroughbred horse owner, Colonel E. R. Bradley, is supposed to have said that he would lay 5-to-1 odds against any yearling thoroughbred ever winning a race and 2-to-1 odds against one even getting as far as the starting gate. If the colonel had lived to make that bet with Nathan L. Cohen, vice-president of Pimlico and a horse owner himself, he would have taken a very wet bath. Cohen had eight yearlings in his stable last year. This year, as 2-year-olds, all eight made it to the races and all eight finished first at least once. A track mathematician figured out that accepting a \$2 parlay on the eight to race and to win would have cost the colonel slightly more than \$22 billion.

SUPERSPEEDWAY THAT DIED

An auto-racing superspeedway is bigger than a racetrack and just slightly smaller than, say, Rhode Island, and when a huge \$25.5 million version of one opened barely two years ago at Ontario, Calif.,

the motor-sports world regarded it with pride as the daddy of them all. Ontario Motor Speedway had everything: a 2.5-mile oval for Indy-type racing, a sinuous inner circuit for sports cars, a drag strip, facilities for 140,506 spectators, even a rather fancy restaurant called the Victory Circle Club. The U.S. Auto Club quickly installed a yearly 500-mile event as one leg of auto racing's triple crown (the others being Indianapolis and Pocono), an army of fans turned out and everything roared right along. Until last week. That's when Ontario ran out of gas.

The finances are complicated but the



basic problem seems clear enough: Ontario has to pay \$535,000 annually in taxes and more than \$1 million in interest on bonds—backers had provided splendid amounts of money to make sure things were done right—and there simply is not enough money coming in to pay the bills. Auto racing is a traveling show, like the circus, and, as Ontario found out, there are not enough major races to go around.

A nonprofit corporation that has taken over temporary management of the property is meeting this week in an attempt to come up with something that might keep the raceway going. The only solution appears to be multipurpose use: keep the track and the races, but throw in some conventions, auto and trade

continued

shows, an exhibition or two and, say, how about a nice big shopping center right there?

The last idea may be the ultimate answer to the monster created by the over-reachers. Only in America would anyone dream of such a solution. Be careful as you leave the checkout counter for your car, lady. There's a big race going on out there in the parking lot.

ODDS BOWL

According to Harrah's Tahoe Racebook, the biggest upset in this year's college bowl games would be an Ohio State win over Southern California in the Rose Bowl. Next biggest would be Notre Dame beating Nebraska in the Orange and Penn State beating Oklahoma in the Sugar.

Harrah's selections:

Bowl	Choice	Points	Underdog
Rose	USC	14	Ohio St
Sugar	Okl.	13½	Penn St
Orange	Neb.	13½	N. Dame
Cotton	Ala.	8½	Texas
Gator	Colo.	7	Auburn
Fiesta	Ariz. St.	8	Missouri
Peach	W.Va.	Even	N.C. St.
Astro-Bluebonnet	Tenn.	3½	LSU

STRAIGHT PLAYER DEAL

A week or so ago Charlie Finley made a curious trade. He gave Dick Redmond, a solid defenseman on Finley's California Golden Seals, to the Chicago Black Hawks for Darryl Mags, an undistinguished second-year player. It seemed a one-sided deal, and hockey fans wondered why Charlie, the supposedly shrewd horse trader, had made it.

Now it appears it was a financial move by Finley. When the World Hockey Association was raiding the NHL, the Golden Seals lost half a dozen top players. General Manager Garry Young kept Redmond by signing him to a two-year contract for a reported \$180,000. When Finley got back to paying attention to the Seals after his Athletics had won the World Series, he and Young had a falling-out and the general manager left the club. Meanwhile, Redmond had complained to Alan Eagleson, who runs the NHL players' association and acts as financial adviser for various players, that he had not received an advance he had been promised and that his regular paychecks were scaled to a \$30,000 sal-

ary. Eagleson got in touch with the club and eventually met with Finley, who produced an affidavit signed by Young saying he had acted outside his authority in signing Redmond. Eagleson turned to other NHL owners. "Someone better straighten Finley out," he said. "I'm not wasting time with him."

This threat of a lawsuit brought quick action. Finley got rid of Redmond's onerous contract and picked up at least a usable player in return: the Black Hawks strengthened their back line; and Redmond began to receive the pay he had contracted for.

PRELUDE TO ACT II

Despite the Sybaritic atmosphere of his training camp at the Playboy Club in McAffee, N.J., heavyweight champion Joe Frazier was hard at work last week preparing for his title fight with George Foreman in Jamaica on Jan. 22. Spreading a surprisingly delicate hand over the mouth of a bowl-size goblet, Frazier waved off a white-tailed wine server. "Miss Bunny, none of that grape for Joe," Frazier said. "Joe's working."

Frazier has a strenuous schedule plotted for himself during the next several months: first, the undefeated Foreman, the 1968 Olympic heavyweight champion, and then the rematch with Muhammad Ali. "I reached out for the toughest opponent I could find," said Frazier, "and I got Foreman. I need that kind of fight because then I'm going to take on Clay. And I'm going to whip him, knock him out."

Farther south in New Jersey, in Cherry Hill, Muhammad Ali also had a rematch on his mind, although he was supposed to leave shortly for Las Vegas to sign for a Feb. 14 fight with British heavyweight Joe Bugner. He was sitting in front of the massive fireplace in his Spanish-style home, chatting with singer Billy Eckstine, when he suddenly boiled up from the couch and ran over to a white concert-grand piano. Poking out a boogie-woogie rhythm, Ali sang, "Joe FRA-ZAH, Joe FRA-ZAH, I got something FOR YA."

Back on the couch, Ali said, "I sense this match is about to happen. It's built up to be a dream fight, two years a-streaming, and now Frazier can't escape me no longer. I see Frazier on TV, announced as the heavyweight champ, and I say, how can that be? Then I think, this is the man that beat me, made me

second best. And that doesn't seem right."

The long wait is nearly over. Frazier wants the fight to take place in June, although for personal reasons not in California, which is a problem. Jack Kent Cooke holds the rematch contract and he wants the fight in his Los Angeles Forum. His lawyer told Frazier, "Jack Kent Cooke has his pride."

"I got my pride, too," said Frazier, "and I don't want to fight in California." Frazier feels that economics and logic will prevail. In a long-distance call he told Cooke, "We better get the fight on soon, because something awful could happen to old man Clay, and all that money will get away. And that would be terrible, now, wouldn't it?"

RUE-A-DUE-OW

A coyote, sty devil, had himself a fine, easy time catching big trout from the shallow waters of holding ponds in a Minnesota trout hatchery. The man who runs the hatchery has long been critical of poison or other wipe-them-out theories of predator control, but he nonetheless recognized that he could not afford to keep losing his carefully raised fish. So he set out a trap and snared the coyote. Instead of shooting it, he put a large washtub over the animal and removed the trap from its leg. And then he banged hell out of the washtub with a stick. When the tub was lifted the coyote slunk off, shaking its head, and has not been seen since.

THEY SAID IT

- Mike Riordan of the Baltimore Bullets asked if second-year star Phil Chenier could be compared to the flamboyant Earl (The Pearl) Monroe. "No, he's more unnoticeable than Earl."
- Ralph Neely, Dallas Cowboy tackle, after gaining 10 yards on a lateral pass: "It was the fourth time in my life I've run with the ball, and I do not look forward to the fifth."
- Don Drysdale, ex-Los Angeles Dodger pitcher, now a California Angel broadcaster, on the transition from mound to microphone: "Interviews were the hardest thing for me at first. I felt so damn funny asking players questions when I already knew the answers."
- Don Knodel, Rice basketball coach, on one of his slow players: "He has difficulty getting to where he knows he ought to be."

END

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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 18, 1972

CHAMPION BLAHS IN



BIG D

By hanging on to defeat Washington 34-24, the Cowboys qualified for a wild-card spot in the NFL playoffs, but once again last season's Super Bowl winners exhibited their confounding second-half swoon by **TEX MAULE**



Halfheartedly, the Dallas Cowboys have moved into the playoffs again, their invitation engraved on a wild card. This means that they have qualified for postseason play for each of the last seven years, or ever since there has been a Super Bowl. In addition, they have made the Super Bowl the last two, and finally, last January, they demolished the Miami Dolphins to win their first world championship. But unless the Cowboys can cure an extreme case of split personality, it does not seem at all likely that they will be in Los Angeles on Jan. 14 when the NFL title is settled this season.

The best tip-off on how this very good football team has played all year came early in the second quarter of the game against Washington last Saturday. Moving with the crisp urgency that marked their drive to the championship in 1971, the Cowboys had just scored to go ahead of the Redskins 21-0. They had dominated the game easily, displaying almost flawless football both on offense and defense. You had the feeling, watching them inscribe their plays on the green artificial turf of Texas Stadium as meticulously as their coaches had drawn them on blackboards during the week, that they would dismantle the Redskins.

But Tex Schramm, the president of the club, sat in the press box staring glumly at the field, his mouth drawn down, the picture of a man watching his team take a horrible beating.

"Hey," a friend said. "Cheer up. You've got the game won."

"No, we haven't," Schramm said forlornly. "We don't have a big enough cushion yet."

The Cowboys built the cushion to 28-3 before the half, but then their personality split. All season long the Cowboys have played excellent football during the first

two quarters of a game, then imitated somnambulists during the final two. Last week offered a classic example. In their scintillating first half the Cowboys out-gained the Redskins 210 yards to 84. They scored four touchdowns and shut off everything the Redskins tried to do, on the ground and in the air. But when they kicked off to Washington to start the second half, the picture changed completely. Washington, without Larry Brown, who was resting an injured knee, promptly marched 66 yards in 13 plays to score its first touchdown against a Dallas defense operating with what might best be described as languid determination.

Before it was over, the Redskins had two more touchdowns—and a 21-6 rout in the second half, which meant that Dallas just held on to win both halves by 34-24. "We were so far ahead, the defense began to try to contain them, instead of forcing the play," Coach Tom Landry said after the game. "We were cutting off the long gainers, but they were taking the short stuff, and the first thing we knew, there they were crossing the goal line."

It was all painfully reminiscent of the three games the Cowboys have lost this year, as well as of the 10 they have won. Overall, in the 13 first halves, they have outscored the opposition by 181 points to 91, but in the second halves their margin has been only 135-126. At least Saturday's turnaround was less complete than their first game with the Redskins, when the Cowboys led 20-7 at halftime but managed to lose 24-20. That particular second-half swoon kept Dallas from winning a divisional championship for the first time since 1965, which means that the Cowboys will be on the road for any and all playoff games.

Chuck Howley, the six-time All-Pro outside linebacker who tore ligaments in his left knee in the third quarter last Saturday and is now lost for the season, spoke before the game about the weekly Cowboy second-half collapse.

continued

Amid a ballet of Cowboys and Redskins, Walt Garrison rushes toward a total of 181 yards.

"Our problem could be overcaution," he said. "In the first half we're fresh and we're not afraid to take chances. Then we lay back, trying to avoid looking bad in the game films. You know, the Cowboys have always been real big on statistics, so we're always conscious out there of how we'll grade out in the films on Tuesday morning. The irony is that when I look back on the big plays I've made in my career, I realize I've always been out of position when I made them."

The Cowboys did manage to show flashes of their old precision—particularly in their running—throughout the Redskins game. Both Calvin Hill and Walt Garrison rushed for more than 100 yards; Hill also topping the 1,000-yard season mark, the first time any Dallas player has. Both of the running backs credited their success to the exceptional blocking of the Cowboy line. It swept aside the Redskins front four almost contemptuously in the first half, and in the second it still managed to create enough passable holes to keep Hill and Garrison moving and to preserve the victory.

Washington began to wear down the beleaguered Dallas defenders, though. Billy Kilmer threw for three touchdown passes while using one of Larry Brown's replacements, a youngster named Herbert Mul-Key, to set up the air game. Mul-Key, football's equivalent of the old *Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour*, ran eight times for 60 yards in his first pro game. For that matter, he never had played in college, either. Redskins Coach George Allen found him at a tryout camp last spring and placed him on the roster just before this game.

Anyway, Mul-Key, the best hyper-ated runner since Turn-to, saved his longest gain for the last quarter, when he broke loose for 34 yards to the Dallas eight. Then Kilmer looked for Charley Taylor, who was covered closely by Mel Renfro, the budding Dallas cornerback. But Taylor managed to get a half-step on Renfro cutting across the end zone, and Kilmer hit him perfectly for another Washington touchdown.

Only 2:49 earlier Kilmer had brought the Redskins back into the game with a pass to Roy Jefferson. Noticing that Herb Adderley had come in to replace Charlie Waters, who was shaken up on a play, Kilmer called a quick-cut pattern against the cold Adderley. Jefferson

gave him a fast head fake, broke by him and took the ball a couple of yards in the clear for the touchdown.

So when Washington got the ball back at 31-24, the 65,000 people who filled Texas Stadium began to twitch. They booed Quarterback Craig Morton and his floundering offense as they left the field, they booed the Cowboy pass defense as it gave up completions, and they booed the Cowboy rushing defense just for giving up small gains. Perhaps this finally stirred Dallas from its second-half blues.

When Kilmer looked for Jefferson again, three Cowboy defenders converged on him. This meant that at least one of them was out of position—bad for Tuesday's grades, good for Saturday's score. The ball was batted up in the air, and Waters grabbed it as it wobbled around for the interception that led to a 26-yard field goal by Tom Fritsch that put the game out of reach. The Redskins did try to mount another drive, but this time Cornell Green, the Cowboys' strong safety, gambled and stepped in front of Jefferson on a sideline pass and intercepted.

Landry still has reservations about his defense, though he said after the game that he believed his offense—even without Roger Staubach—is superior to last season's. The Cowboys do have the same record they had after 13 games last year, but without being nearly as impressive. When they began their drive to the Super Bowl last season they won their last seven regular-season games in a row—and a couple of them by overwhelming scores against respectable opponents. By contrast, so far this season the Cowboys have beaten only the inept Eagles and Cardinals and the confused Colts by comfortable margins.

Landry is inclined to cite psychological reasons for the team's regular letdowns. "We haven't been playing with the same intensity we did last season when we began our move," he says. "We had been so hungry for so long last year; always coming close, but never winning the Super Bowl. Then we won the Super Bowl, and the big goal vanished. Our older players know how good they are and they enter so many games confidently, aware of their ability. We take

a comfortable lead by halftime, then we have a tendency to lose our concentration and coast. The reaction of the other team, naturally enough, is the opposite. It comes out for the second half determined to turn the game around. Too often, that is exactly what it does."

Ernie Stautner, the defensive coach, offers a more pragmatic explanation for the Cowboys' troubles, particularly on defense. "All of our injuries have been concentrated in the defensive line," Stautner points out. "Pat Toomay has had a broken hand most of the season. That is a particularly bad injury for a defensive end, because it takes away his ability to grab an offensive tackle and move him around on the pass rush. George Andrie has a bad back which limits his ability to play, and Larry Cole missed five games with a hyperextended knee. Tedy Smith started slow after knee surgery, then he got monoarthritis and was weak for a long time before we diagnosed it and took him out. Bill Gregory got a knee bruise and missed three games. Jethro Pugh had a sprained ankle that slowed him down and, last, but most important, Bob Lilly has been playing hurt all year."

Lilly, the perennial All-Pro defensive tackle, is one of the very few men who, merely by his personal contribution, can establish the whole character of a game. He started the season with a bone spur on his heel that limited his mobility, then ruptured a muscle over his knee and bruised his instep. Despite all these injuries, he played on.

"The injuries didn't bother me much against the run," he says. He is a big, rock-hard man with a face that conceivably could make him a fortune in Western movies when John Wayne re-

With Pat Toomay swooping down, BAY Kilmer reaches, gingerly, for a teammate's fumble.





A swarm of Cowboy tacklers, led by Bob Lilly (74) and Lee Roy Jordan (55), brings down a Redskin and brings up Dallas game-film grades.

times. "But they took away at least half of my effectiveness on the pass rush, where you have to move around to break through. I get double-teamed a lot and, like most other defensive linemen, I get held most of the time. That's been happening for the last eight or nine years and I expect it. But to get away you have to be able to move, and I haven't been able to."

Asked how much Lilly's disability has affected the Cowboy pass rush, Stautner did not hesitate. "A slowed-down Lilly costs us a third of our efficiency," he replied. "Combine that with the rest of the injuries on the defensive line and our pass rush has been considerably less useful than it was last year. I think that accounts for a good deal of our letdown in the second half. Last year, when we had a club whipped at the half, we knew they would come out throwing in the second half, but we could put so much pressure on their passer that we forced mistakes, sacks and interceptions. This year we can't do that and some clubs have put themselves right back in the game because of it."

The Cowboys have sacked quarterbacks 31 times this year (the total was 42 for all of last season), but the present figures are somewhat misleading since nine came in the game against the feckless Eagles. Last Saturday, Dallas managed to reach Kilmer only one time, that on a blitz, when Howley dropped

him for a nine-yard loss. Now, with Howley out for the season, even more pressure falls on Middle Linebacker Lee Roy Jordan (see cover), who at 6' 1", 220 is nearly diminutive in the profession. Jordan is durable, if not large, and among the Dallas walking wounded that counts more than ever.

Still, as Lilly explains it, the major Cowboy problem is mental, not physical. "The injuries have made a difference," he says, "but that's not really it. It's the general attitude of the club. We even make more mistakes in practice than we did before. I guess it's been too easy for us on defense. The offense puts the points up and then we relax. We're not running for our life anymore—and in this league you have to run for your life every game."

At least the Cowboys will have an opportunity to redeem themselves by producing some full games in the playoffs. Their problem has been that they only run in the first half, and no one has ever won a race merely jogging the rest of the way.

END



HE'S NOT MERELY A PASSER FANCY

The Kings dropped four games last week but Nate (Tiny) Archibald held on to the NBA lead in scoring as well as in assists **by PETER CARRY**

He is called Tiny, or sometimes Little Tiny, a double diminutive that aptly describes him. For not only is Tiny far smaller than his peers, at 24 he looks far younger—say about 12. In moments of dismay he squinches his wide, fawn-like eyes in exorbitant displays of determination, as if the psyche behind them is constantly reminding: you're too old to cry. Ribs, not muscles, ripple his skimpy chest, and his hips are as narrow—and as powerful—as a greyhound's. Tiny's thinness should have led him into sedate pursuits. As it turned out, he plays a little basketball.

To his basic, the IRS and most basketball fans he is known as Nate Archibald, to his teammates on the Kansas City-Omaha Kings as Tiny and to his family back in the Bronx as Little Tiny (the nickname is a hand-me-down

from his father, Big Tiny). During the first two months of the current season, Archibald has also become recognized by some other folks in the NBA, most notably opponents and statisticians, as perhaps the most productive offensive player of any size of any time.

The senior Archibald stands 6' 3" and came by the name Tiny the way fat guys often end up being called Slim. Under normal circumstances the younger Archibald could claim the name for the same reason, since he maintains he is 6' 1". Some of the people who guard him insist he is 5' 10". (With his high-top, blue-suede Pro Keds off, he is, in fact, 6' and very small change.) Similarly, estimates of Archibald's weight run as low as 15 pounds under his listed 160. Even at his program height and weight, Tiny is the lightest and fourth-shortest player in the NBA. All of which would not mean much if Archibald did his best work around the perimeter where he would encounter other guards of similar size. Instead, he usually dribbles past opposing backcourt men with surprising ease and heads directly for the area under the basket where men a hundredweight heavier and a foot taller wait to hack him, stuff him, crack him and otherwise make his wife and four children wonder how far their standard of living will drop when they start making do on workmen's compensation.

Archibald is indeed smacked to the floor so often that he has developed a special, relaxed landing technique that allows him to fall with about the same impact as a sackful of creamed spinach. The rest of the time he leaves the big men waving wildly at the spot, usually in midair, that he has just vacated.

Two seasons ago, when he was a rookie with the Cincinnati Royals, Tiny's drives yielded him a modest 16-point scoring average. In the first half of last season he improved that to 23 points. Then the NBA coaches got him mad. At midseason they voted Butch Beard



to the Eastern Conference All-Star team ahead of Archibald and ever since they have been trying to get a recount. From the All-Star break on, Archibald averaged 34 points and shot from 17th to second in scoring. When his team moved to Missouri and Nebraska this season, thereby acquiring the name Kansas City Hyphens, he continued scoring at the same rate and has opened a four-point lead over defending champion Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the NBA's tallest player.

Archibald's offense is simple. One of the league's fastest runners and the fastest dribbler, he readily outsprints opponents for breakaway baskets. In pattern situations he uses his outside shot, which has vastly improved since he came to the pros as a little-known second-round draft choice from the University of Texas at El Paso, to pull defenses out. Then he begins driving, completing his forays to the basket with one of his jackknife layups, often putting English on the ball to make it carom off the backboard and into the goal at an odd angle. Opponents have been most obliging about fouling him while he shoots. Last year Tiny made 148 more free throws than any other NBA player. This season he already leads by 72 in foul shots

Coach Curry confers with Archibald.





Archibald gets set to pass to Mike Ratliff, while Larry Ellis having left him to cut off Tiny.

made, and free throws have accounted for more than a quarter of his total points. If he keeps it up, Archibald could become only the third guard—along with Jerry West and Dave Bing—to lead the NBA in points per game.

"I think the only way to play Tiny is to drop off two or three steps and let him have the outside shot," says Philadelphia's Kevin Loughery. "You can't give it to him uncontested, but it's better to lay off than to let him penetrate by playing him close. He's become a very, very adequate outside shooter, but I'd rather have him make 12, 13 field goals with three or four free throws and get his points that way than with 14 or 15 foul shots. When he's driving and getting free throws, that's also when he's breaking down defenses, getting your big men into foul trouble, passing for his assists and bringing the other guys on his team into the game."

Despite the fact that most opponents are following that formula and backing it up with traps and double-teams, breaking down defenses and bringing his teammates into the action is exactly what Tiny is doing. And it may allow him to score a unique double since he also tops the NBA in assists by a large margin

with an average of 11.9 per game. No player has ever led a pro league in both scoring and assists for the same season. In fact, only West and Wilt Chamberlain have won titles in those categories in different years.

"There's a big difference between scoring and generating offense," says Archibald. "Cooz [Coach Bob Cousy] has told me he wants me to be responsible for running our offense and to me that means I've got to create scoring opportunities, either for myself by beating the defense or for other guys by attracting the defense to me and then throwing the ball to someone they've left alone. Teams are all ganging up on me now. They're double-teaming me and playing zones and semi-zones against me. I feel the pressure, but I also know that when the pressure's on me it's off somebody else. Then it's my job to get him the ball. I like the responsibility, but it embarrasses me when we don't win because it's my fault. I can't win games all by myself, but I can lose them on my own because I have the ball so much."

In the opinion of many pros, no players other than Oscar Robertson and Cousy in their primes ever had the ball as much as Archibald has this year. In

games against New York and Philadelphia last week the Kings controlled the ball for 42:56 and Tiny had it in his hands 19:04 of that time. Archibald did not match his averages for points and assists in those contests and the Hyphens lost them both. But over a 14-game span in November he set an NBA record by dealing out 10 or more assists in every game. During the same period Tiny scored an average of 35 points and his team went over .500 for the first time in three seasons.

A four-game losing streak last week dropped the Kings down to .500, a level more indicative of the capability of a team that relies on one little man to do so much. On offense, at least statistically, Archibald is doing more than any player ever has. His combination of points and assists adds up to a total of 58 points per game. The previous high by one player was 55 by Chamberlain in the 1961-62 season.

And Archibald seems destined to set an endurance record, at least for 160-pound guards. He has played more than 46 minutes a game and in four contests last week never left the floor. "If you watch us without him in the lineup, you'd understand," says Cousy. "I know how he feels. I was just like that when I was a young player. I never wanted to be on the bench and I rarely was." Cousy obviously sees himself as a young man in Archibald and his conversations about Tiny's play most often begin with such phrases as "I know how he feels" or "It's just like when I was getting started." Archibald usually responds with an almost reflexive "Cooz told me . . ."

The fans in the team's new cities seem to enjoy the fruits of those conversations. Last season in Cincy the Royals drew 3,609 a game, a figure exceeded so far in both Omaha, where the Kings will play 15 games, and in Kansas City, where they will play 26. The response has been particularly enthusiastic in K.C., where a fan club was formed to cheer skin-headed substitute Toby Kimball. The Toby Kimball Movement's motto: Bald Is Beautiful. Moreover, at every game in Municipal Auditorium two members of the audience are invited onto the floor at halftime to try to win a compact automobile by shooting a basket from mid-court. They might do well to let Archibald have a crack at it some night. After all, who could use a little car better than a tiny driver? **END**



BACK AGAIN, BOOMING HIS WAY INTO YOUR HEARTS

Suddenly Super Racer has returned—much wealthier than before and handsomer than ever—bringing star quality to pro skiing's ragtag circus. But can Jean-Claude Killy wriggle his way to the very top again? Mais oui, mes sponsors!

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

Since the glories of Grenoble he had spent most of his time in the jet streams of the world, sharing the company of famous men and beautiful women. He had come to play a passable game of golf. He owned a splendid villa overlooking Lake Geneva in Switzerland. His fiancée was movie star Danièle Gaubert, his next door neighbor was Petula Clark. He was a man of means, of fine manners and fast cars, of celebrity. He had starred in his own television show, made a movie in which he played a swashbuckling schussboomer and enjoyed the adoration of uncountable lovely ladies. At 29—just 29—he was a millionaire, a world citizen of enormous sex appeal. There was not much that Jean-Claude Killy did not have.

And yet, here he was standing in a shivering crowd of a few hundred people in a chill November twilight at the foot of Aspen Mountain in Colorado. Here he was, waiting until an executive from a U.S. suitcase manufacturer called out his name, then stepping forward to receive a check for \$225. Killy said thank you, but his face was impassive. This was his pay for this day's work. Someone said, "Enough for beer money, Jean-Claude?" The celebrated smile flashed briefly. "No, it's really not."

But then, despite the chill of the day and the meagerness of the pay, Killy smiled once more—and this time there was genuine jubilation in his face. "But

I am very happy to have it," he said.

Jean-Claude Killy was back racing again. The man many have called the greatest ski racer of the era—even of all time—had stepped out into the cold snows again from his warm, velvet years of retirement. No longer was he competing for gold medals but for cash. He had suddenly appeared in Aspen determined to compete as a member of that widely unheralded bunch of traveling salesman-skiers known as the International Ski Racers Association (ISRA). He had come to do battle on the North American professional ski-racing tour, which is a blatantly commercial series of 12 competitions officially known as the Benson & Hedges 100's Grand Prix. The field Killy had entered consisted of a tough, rakish crowd of World Cup dropouts and cutups, has-beens and never-weres, a loose, shaggy gang whose members drink hard, often race red-eyed with hangovers and who sell themselves openly—but with infinite honesty compared to the congenatorial quasi-bribery and sneak thievery that goes on in World Cup amateur ranks.

It is likely that Killy alone has won more World Cup races than the entire membership of ISRA combined. It is a statistical fact that he won three Olympic gold medals, more than any of the 100 or so pro racers competing this season. Killy set unparalleled records in his days as the brightest star of the superb French teams of the mid-60s. In 1965, his first year of stardom, he became European champion. In 1966 Killy swept to the world championship in Por-

tulio. In 1967 he shook the ski world with 23 victories, seizing all World Cup titles, slalom, giant slalom and downhill. And in that most golden year of 1968 he won the World Cup combined crown plus the triple Olympic championship in slalom, giant slalom and downhill, catapulting to unprecedented celebrity and wealth.

But despite the dazzle of reputation and ski records past, Killy did badly in his Aspen baptism as a serious pro racer. He managed to qualify in giant slalom time trials for the final field of 16 racers (and an automatic \$225), but he did not survive, losing to a 6' 5" Austrian nonentity named Harald (Stork) Stuefer, a fellow who never won a World Cup race in six years of international competition.

In the slalom Killy looked stronger, defeated his first man—but then spilled in the quarterfinals race. He was paid \$500 for this day's work, but he still came up notably optimistic. "It was good," he said. "I am surprised it was so good. Even if I did not do well, I felt well."

It was not surprising that Jean-Claude Killy performed without distinction that first weekend, for professional ski racing is a strange and deceptively demanding sport. First, it is based on the dual course concept that pits opponents head to head—first down one course, then switching courses and doing it side by side again. It is a game entirely different from the traditional World Cup runs in which a competitor races alone, flat-out against the clock.

Where a World Cup racer is required

continued

Out of shape and out of breath, Killy still showed preview flashes of his oldtime form.

to run no more than once a day (an giant slalom or downhill) or at most twice (in the slalom) to win, a Benson & Hedges 100's Grand Prix racer may have to smoke down the course as many as 10 times in a day to win top money. This marathon treadmill includes two time trials in the morning to qualify for the final field of 16, plus two runs in each of the elimination brackets in the afternoon. Because of this killing format, the courses in pro racing are short and relatively simple, mere sprint slaloms with a few artificial jumps and bumps installed to electrify the spectators. In general, these runs do not demand the exquisite hell-bent acrobatic techniques of a Killy to win consistently. A simple burst of brute energy will do at times.

Killy still carried a load of frailties from the softening years of making money. True, he is slim as ever—giving off a sense of coiled explosive power—and in his maturing years he seems handsomer and more graceful than ever before. Yet, he was far from ready to race: "For four years I have not run hard or skied hard or walked hard. I have not tried to stay in condition. To win here as a professional, I must be in better shape than I ever was for the World Cup or the Olympics. I think I have much yet to do."

It was true—up to a point. After the Aspen races, the tour moved to Vail, Colo. for another two-day program. Though he was still plainly not at the peak of his form, Killy performed with such dash and skill that he finished an impressive second to the powerful Stuefer in the giant slalom. The next day he advanced as far as the runoff for third place in the slalom before he fell. For the weekend, Killy collected \$2,500 and the following day he left for the familiar hillsides of Val d'Isère to train until the next ISRA race in Vermont Jan. 6.

But why was a rich and classy chap like Jean-Claude Killy doing all this anyway? For two weekends of hard work he had a relatively small fistful of \$3,225 to show. He had been at least symbolically insulted and had certainly risked tarnishing his gold-plated image by putting himself in a position to lose to some tough but faceless men with unknown names like Stuefer and Hauser and Lassen-Urdahl.

There are answers. Perhaps the first

is the fact that the money Killy won in Colorado did not in any way represent the true cash value of his performances. He is represented by that supermerchandiser, Mark McCormack, an entrepreneur whose reverence for the endorsement dollar is surpassed by no living mortal. McCormack has managed Killy's life as a combined commercial hero and living gold-medal advertising image for products ranging from automobiles to sweaters. Yet in the last year or so, Killy's salability had diminished. But now that his man is racing again, says McCormack, "it will rejuvenate him with equipment sponsors. It was always inevitable that he would race again."

The moment Killy announced his return, McCormack's agents asked sponsors for \$15,000 per weekend to guarantee his appearance, an impressive sum since the entire treasury available to the field of racers is \$20,000 per weekend. The agents always asked for the full \$15,000, whether they got it or not. But appearance money will be minimal compared with the bigger jackpot Killy will now draw in fresh endorsements.

The money is there: pro racing has become a robust and rather rich enterprise. Under the energetic promotions of Bob Beattie, former U.S. ski coach and sometime breathless TV sports commentator, the tour was thriving even without the magic name of Killy. Benson & Hedges put up \$110,000 to underwrite the 1972-73 season and Beattie peddled individual races to a mixed bag of sponsors ranging from Faberge cosmetics and Samsonite luggage to United Air Lines and McDonald's hamburgers.

There are gimmicks galore, and raggedy and anonymous as Beattie's pro ski racers may seem to the general public, they are by no means impoverished. Though one must discount at least a little of what Beattie says for reasons of raw enthusiasm, he did estimate that with race sponsor's prize money plus the cash from equipment manufacturers (up to \$30,000 per season for a ski endorsement alone) there will be more than \$1.5 million available to his racers this year.

Indeed, this may be the first time in history that professional ski racers can actually make more money than World Cup amateurs. One who knows all about this is Killy: "In 1965, when I was the best amateur in Europe, I was making \$12,000 a year. No racer made any more.

Now the best World Cup skier can make close to \$100,000 a year—I was paid about half that in the year of the Grenoble Olympics."

Now, with Killy and Alain Penz, Malcolm Milne and Spider Sabich, there are as many star-quality names on the pro circuit as in the World Cup. Only two are missing. Ex-Olympian Billy Kidd has retired and Karl Schranz of Austria, the glowering, temperamental old champ, has pretty much retired to his pension in St. Anton since he was drummed out of Sapporo as the scapegoat-martyr of the 1972 Winter Games. But there are those who hope to lure Schranz to the ISRA. "We could really use him," says Killy. "Karl should come back. He could win, I'm sure. And more important, we need a villain on the tour to build up interest. Karl could be our man in the black hat."

Whether or not Schranz returns (and it is doubtful that he will), the man in pro racing's white hat will certainly be Jean-Claude Killy. For even though money is an object—an important one—in his decision to race again, Killy also is a proud and sensitive man and there were motives more noble than profit behind his return. He said, "I do not live only to make money and all of my decisions are not made because of dollars or francs. It is true, too, that I want to give something back to the sport that has given me everything I have. But I do not think I would have raced again if it had been left to me alone. My fiancée, Danielle, and my old friend, Michel Arpin, coaxed me and urged me. 'Jean-Claude,' they said, 'you must do something positive. You are tired of playing golf and sitting around Geneva.' They argued with me to race again. I was very much against it. Danielle said maybe I was getting old too soon."

"Well, maybe she was right, I thought. I knew there were risks in going back to racing, but I was really missing competition in my life. I needed a challenge. I decided that the important thing was to be happy and I decided that if I raced at least I would have three or four more years of good fun. As for my commercial image, I decided that my clients would rather see me on a mountain than in a department store in Detroit."

Even though his fiancée and his friends were convinced that his return would be triumphal, others were not. "I want

continued

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The solid feeling.

ed good equipment," said Killy, "so I went to Dynamic skis again because I had used them in the Olympics. I asked to ski on them again. They turned me down. It was very hard to believe. But they thought I was not good anymore."

Not until mid-November was Killy able to go into intensive training at Val d'Isère. "I did not plan to race until January," he said, "but the training was not so good in Val d'Isère, so Michel Arpin and I decided to fly to Aspen and practice there. We decided we would just watch the races over the weekend because we had never seen one before. But then I could not hold myself back."

Though he had not won any of his first four races, Killy was confident of what was to come. "It is all coming back very fast and I am surprised. It almost feels like before."

Above all, the *amtrinsa*, Killy enthusiasm was still there. Hickeys were bright and his gestures animated as he discussed his new pursuit as a bona fide professional skier. "This is a great sport, it is the new sport of skiing."

"There is going to be very good skiing here. And in pro racing there are characters. They are exciting, they drink and smoke and they have fun. No one tells them they have to go to bed now and they can't drink and they have to be nice to the men from the national ski federation. This should not be a circus—it is a sport. But maybe we will need a kind of show business atmosphere to bring the people out in St. Paul or in North Carolina when we tour there. Maybe there should be acrobatics and clowns to bring the crowds. But I was very happy to find that this is really so *sportif*. Now I am very excited and glad to be back in my real business—in the snow and the mountains and racing."

Killy was smiling as he spoke, but now he became quite sober and he leaned forward to make his point. "You know, of course, that for 10 years we have been very serious about skiing in France. We have excelled and we have done much for the sport. Now we will do for pro racing what we did for World Cup racing. We will give it credibility. We will bring it excellence. We will improve the techniques, the ambience, the equipment."

He paused, then raised a finger and jabbed it emphatically. "We are going to bring true professionalism to professional racing."

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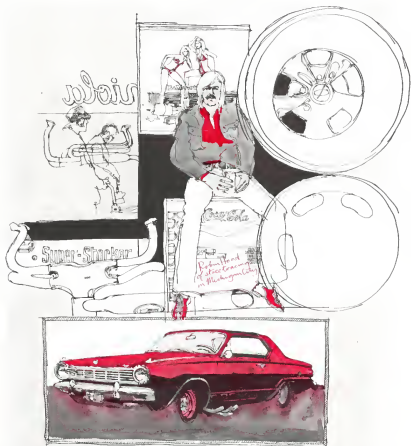
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LOOK SLOW AND BE SET TO GO



Ken Dallison

Malcolm's car seemed to be a real dog, but like all true street racers he was a crafty master of the oldtime drag-racing fundamental: always make them think they can beat you

by HAL HIGDON

After a couple of months hanging out at Knola Automotive, I learned to spot the hustlers. They would saunter in from the parking lot, lean against the soft drink dispenser, eyeball the bulletin board, finger the slicks piled near the doorway—and say not a word. Then when the counter cleared ZIPPITY! Like a fuel dragster coming off the line they were next to Jack, whispering an order for a new intake manifold or camshaft, pledging him to secrecy.

I hadn't noticed the hustlers until they were pointed out by Jack Knola, founder, owner and chief counterman of Michigan City, Indiana's only speed shop. Jack said that when the high-performance parts they had ordered arrived, they often sneaked it out under their jackets. If anyone should walk without warning into their garage SLAMMM! Down would go the hoods of their cars. "They want to make some money before everybody finds out what they got," explained Jack.

The mark of the street racer

In contrast, some of the punks stand around Jack's at night bragging about their rock-crusher M-22s. "If there were as many rock crushers in cars as people claim," says Jack, "General Motors would declare a triple dividend." They boast how they're turning eight grand on the tach. "He's lucky if he can get his wheels to spin in gravel," whispers Jack. The savvy street racer never brags about his machine, or even hints at the shattering power under its hood for fear of scaring away potential competition. Instead, the street racer functions like a pool-room hustler, gulling his customers, misusing occasionally, suckering them along. Then—in a cloud of smoke and screams of rubber—stripping them of their last week's paychecks.

One night a kid named Wilbur from nearby La Porte appeared at Knola's itching to test his wheels. He had just bought a souped-up Plymouth Duster. It had a new engine, headers and special gears, not to mention a gleaming paint job. Wilbur hunted he had run some fast times at a nearby sanctioned drag strip, but he wouldn't say how fast, and finally Malcolm, who rented a garage behind Knola Automotive, said "Yeah, I'll run you."

"What you got?" asked Wilbur.

Malcolm took him to the rear garage and pointed to a 7-year-old Dodge Dart. It had paint splashes all over the body

and its side pipes hung loose. It looked like maybe it might make it as far as the junkyard.

"You got to spot me something for those meats," said Wilbur, indicating Malcolm's oversized rear tires.

"Yeah, but you got that *grov* in the car," said Malcolm, trying for a touch, a tone of apprehension in his voice. Finally, however, Malcolm agreed to give Wilbur two car lengths. Wilbur seemed surprised at the gift.

Wilbur walked back into the auto shop laughing out loud. "Hey, there's some dude out back who's going to race me in an old junker."

"That right?" said Jack, looking at the ceiling.

"Not only that," said Wilbur, slapping his hand down on the counter, "the sucker's going to give me two cars."

I could see Jack biting his tongue.

Malcolm borrowed \$15 since he had no money of his own to post as the bet. They moved to a backcountry street called Schultz Road for the showdown. Malcolm shot off the starting line and passed his opponent before shifting out of first gear. By the time he shifted to fourth he had a six-car-length lead. He coasted across the finish line.

Wilbur returned in his Plymouth Duster to the starting line, rolled down the window, handed out his money and kept driving home to La Porte.

The sport of drag racing began on the back roads of America—two kids facing off to see whose car ran quickest. Only in the early '50s did it become organized into a full-fledged professional sport with drag strips, sanctioning bodies and stars like Don Garlits and Ronnie Sox. But professional drag racing is only the tip of the iceberg showing above water. "It wouldn't make any difference if they had a drag strip in every town in the country," says Knola. "They still would have street racing."

Jack Knola works during the day for a welding-supply company and at night runs Knola Automotive on the U.S. 39 bypass around Michigan City, Ind. The only speed shop between South Bend and Gary, it also serves as a gathering spot for street racers. Any night during the summer there is someone at Knola's willing to test his wheels.

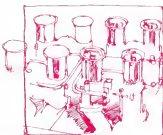
"A majority of my customers will race on the street more times than on the strip," Knola admits, "because it's sim-



pler for them to put something on and test it right away. They don't want to wait to go to the strip on a Sunday. They don't want to wait a full week, or two days, or even an hour. They want to try it now. They roll out to the first stretch of road they can find without traffic—and whoooooom!"

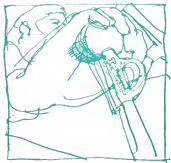
A drag enthusiast can post his wheels at any intersection, but usually he wants to test them against someone else with a reputation for having a heavy foot. After a street racer puts down his acquaintances, he starts looking around town for new competition, at the same time sneaking up to Jack's counter to order new parts. According to Jack: "The young kid coming up with a lot of money in his engine, trans and chassis wants to beat the top car in town. That's his status symbol. He wants to beat Malcolm or Ted or Frank. At the same time guys from out of town will hear about the Robin Hood of street racing in this city and they'll bring their little hand of merry men over to this guy's forest and want to race him. Generally

continued



the guy who races the car doesn't put up the money. It's his buddies who have confidence in their champion. They find a back road, they race, and the winner takes the purse."

For the last several years the Robin Hood of street racing in Michigan City had been Malcolm Garrett, who in the best traditions of professionalism held no race-to-five job but worked on his car and the cars of others in a garage behind Knaola Automotive. On almost any evening one could walk into Jack's and find Malcolm sitting atop the disposal can next to the soda machine, perched like a patent buzzard. He had long, rinse-water blond hair, and a half tooth in front gave him a sly, evil look. Mal-



colm wore bowling shoes, red and green with a white dot showing size 7½ on the back. He kept his two cars out back: a maroon 1968 Dodge that seemed perfectly bland and the anonymous gray Dodge of older vintage with eight pistons stacked on its hood. "That's my street fooler," Malcolm confided one evening. "I'm going to put a 340 in it that'll look like a 273."

The secret of effective street racing lies in owning a car that does not look too fast. "You don't want to psych somebody out where there's easy money to be made," advises Jack. "You just want to pull in, park it, line up the race, run it off, and get the hell out of there."

Watching Malcolm hustle a customer is a lesson in the art of con. The customer and his buddies shuffle around

Malcolm's old car, eyeing the set of the rear bumper, regarding its regular-sized tires, noting that the dashboard tachometer appears factory installed. Finally the customer asks, "What you got in there, man?"

"Got some headers," Malcolm admits cagily. He appears nervously eager, as though possession of headers on his exhaust system were some ultimate secret weapon.

"Yeah?"

"Think it's got a cam, too," Malcolm scratches his head, wrinkles his forehead.

"Mmm-hmm-man?"

"Don't know what kind of gears," continues Malcolm. "Bought it off some lot But, man." Malcolm's eyes suddenly widen—"it really runs!"

In the background, the customer's buddies are elbowing each other and snickering.

The savvy street racer knows that in addition to not looking fast, his car should not sound fast. Thus, more often than not, he will select a Dodge rather than a Chevy, despite the fact that high-performance parts for the latter are more readily and cheaply available. But a Dodge engine of equal horsepower siles much more smoothly than a Chevy. "You can't get any runs with a Chevy," says Malcolm. "As soon as you fire it up, it's all over. They know you got something under the hood."

"Now my Dodge don't sound too radical. It's a GTX. Originally it was a 383 and I've still got the 383 emblems on it. My brother bought it new and turned some fourteens with it [14 seconds over a quarter mile] You get somebody with a 12-second machine and ask them to



race and they jump right on you. Well, I've got a 440 engine in it now."

Whenever possible, Malcolm avoids raising the hood. Sometimes, however, a potential opponent will demand a peek as prerequisite to a race. Malcolm then reluctantly agrees, knowing he has mastered the black art of disguise. "I don't bother cleaning the outside of my engine," he explains. "The dirtier it looks, the hotter. A lot of dudes try to keep everything perfectly clean. When they raise the hood you need sunglasses. But anyone who wants to race is going to figure, you care enough to keep it clean, you may care enough to make it run." After Malcolm installed his 440, he christened it by drenching the engine compartment with a quart of oil, then driving his car up and down dusty roads. By the time he finished, the engine looked like it had been uncovered by archaeologists in some Egyptian tomb.

A street racer who has neglected to check his opponent's engine before a race will never see it afterward. "You ain't going to see my engine," snaps Malcolm after a run. "Just give me the money."

Malcolm also has mastered the gentle art of sandbugging. Once in front by a car length or so, he usually resists the temptation to pull away to a five or six length victory. Buddies of the defeated driver—who may have faster cars—stand on the sideline, see the small margin of victory, and think: "Man, I can take that dude." Buddy No. 1 challenges the next night—and loses by a car length. Malcolm steps out of his car shaking his head, wiping his brow, and dripping humility. "I sure got lucky on the start." Buddy No. 2 returns the next evening—

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and loses by a car length. Same principle as the pool hustler who never manages to beat his opponent badly.

The street racer stands to earn some money with such tactics—but not too much. "The most I've ever seen is \$100," says Jack Knola, leaning against the counter. "I've heard of bigger purses, but I ain't seen them. Kids talk about racing title for title. Hell, half these guys ain't got their curs paid for."

Jack glances up at one of the regulars who has just walked into the shop. "Hey, Superdeal. What's the biggest street race you ever seen—moneywise?"

Superdeal, whose real name is Dennis, considers the question. "Fifty bucks," he replies.

"When was that?"

"When Boots ran that Chevelle from Illinois couple years ago."

Knola's eyes light up at the memory of one of the classic events in the history of Michigan City street racing. The Illinois Chevelle had appeared in town at the drive-in one evening, so low-slung that its rear bumper almost scraped the ground. The car had skinny whitewall tires, and its driver meekly indicated he might like to see how fast it would go. Boots, one of the top local racers, accepted the challenge. When they assembled for the race half an hour later on Hitchcock Road outside town, however, the whitewalls had been replaced by a massive set of rear-end slicks. When the Chevelle's engine fired, the noise was so intense that leaves began dropping off the trees. "Blew Boots' doors off," said Jack, sadly shaking his head.

Selecting a course for a street race is an art in itself. The street racers carefully scout and measure backcountry roads, painting start and finish lines exactly 440 yards apart. They consider dragging at stoplights as strictly for amateurs and only do it as a teasing tactic to attract business. They sneer at the novice racers who sometimes face off on East Michigan Boulevard, one of the main streets that continues into the country. They know its concrete surface provides such good traction it can snap the axle on a fast machine. Pros such as Malcolm prefer to run on smooth asphalt.

They also want a straight pavement wide enough to accommodate two cars side by side, not too much slope to the crown, and no side traffic. The street rac-

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According to Trendex's findings thus far, among those John Begg drinkers surveyed there is a high degree of self-confidence. Two thirds of those now working believe that they will be doing better business-wise in 5 years.

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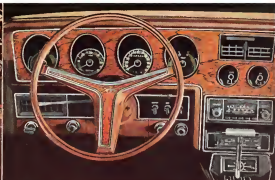
ers used Schultz Road for a while, but that posed hazards because of a sweeping turn just beyond the measured quarter mile. "You got a car that was even a high 12-second machine and you couldn't handle it out there at the end of the quarter," recalls Malcolm. In addition, one of the farmers used to come out on his front lawn and fire his shotgun at the cars racing past. They shifted to Tryon Road, where another farmer would throw lead balls with spikes implanted in them onto the road to puncture tires. Homeowners understandably dislike cars minus mufflers roaring past their front yards at midnight, and usually they call the police.

One night several years ago the street racers blocked off a section of Highway 2 near Westville for an event. Indiana State Police Lieut. Tim McCarthy passed on another road in an unmarked vehicle and saw cars lining up on both sides of the highway. He turned around, and, as he approached, the flagman motioned him into position for the next race. Just before the flag dropped, McCarthy stepped out and began writing tickets for parking, loitering, improper mufflers and any other violation he could find. The flagman received a ticket for standing on the highway. Street racers complain at what they call harassment, whereas McCarthy complains that when he brings the racers into court the judge often refuses to grant licenses. The police find it difficult to obtain convictions for "engaging in a speed contest" unless they catch someone in the act, so they usually must settle for "harassing" tickets.

On another occasion the racers decided to test the runway of the municipal airport. They had run several races when a police car approached. Everybody exited in different directions. Big Ted drove his car into an empty hangar and closed the doors. Malcolm jumped out of his car and let it roll, headlights off. He lay in the ditch as the police car passed, then rose and retrieved his car which, unnoticed, had rolled to a stop at the end of the runway.

The current favored racing spot in Michigan City is a frontage road that was built during the construction of Interstate 94 and parallel to that expressway. Besides being straight, smooth and away from any houses, the road offers

continued



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security because of its location in a flat and relatively treeless area. Then the headlights of approaching cars, police or otherwise, can be seen from nearly a mile away. During the summer a group from Michigan appeared towing a Camaro to challenge the town champion. There was much bargaining at a local drive-in, and money began to emerge from wallets. Malcolm was selected to drive a Nova belonging to Big Ted.

Near the Interstate, the Camaro driver began doing burnouts to warm his tires. The roar of the Camaro's unmuffled engine echoed through the countryside. At that moment police cars, which had approached with headlights off, blocked both ends of the strip. "All drivers bring their licenses," the police announced over their loudspeaker. Everyone got a ticket except the driver from Michigan. He hopped the fence of the expressway and may still be running.

Nobody knows for sure whether the police had been attracted by the engine noise, like moths to a flame, or simply had spotted the caravan moving from drive-in to countryside. Normally, if the police notice a group of teen-agers heading out of town in hot cars, they follow. The drivers in another match earlier in the year had to visit four different locations before they could race. Everywhere the racers went, the cops came right behind them.

Young drag enthusiasts more often attract police attention than pros like Malcolm, since, yearning for fame, they announce their intentions to race well in advance to their friends. The news spreads and crowds gather. "If you plan in advance," advises Jack, "the guys with the concessions in the pits will be law-enforcement officials and they'll be selling 30-day suspensions." Malcolm agrees to race, races, collects and is back perched on the dash can next to the soft drink machine before anyone really notices he was missing.

The rallying point for street racers, in addition to Knola Automotive, is whatever drive-in currently is fashionable. It used to be Azar's on Franklin Street, but the management kept calling the police. Everyone shifted to the Red Barn but non-spenders were shunned. The crowd then began congregating at McDonald's where, if one person bought a Coke, a carload could

continued



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LOOK SLOW

remain for the evening. Then McDonald's got tired of humans in the lot and put in speed bumps—so the current rallying point is the parking lot next to Kroger's supermarket.

But the greatest hazard faced by street racers is neither ticket-happy police nor belligerent drive-in managers; it is their own occasional lack of sense. "When I see some of the narrow roads they run on," says Lieut. Tim McCarthy, "I wonder why more of them don't get killed."

Jack recalls a race where the rear end of a car slid off the road, its front bumper clipping the second car, which spun into a barbed-wire fence. "Neither driver dared claim the damage on his insurance for fear of getting canceled." A racer known as Taco failed to brake in time and went straight off the end of one road, finally grinding to a stop in a cornfield. "He only races on sanctioned strips now," says Jack. Another Knols regular recalls two friends who drove at 100 mph into the side of a cement viaduct. The other car in the race left, and police found the bodies an hour later.

One night near the end of the summer, Malcolm began to get itchy. Business had slowed. There comes a point in each street racer's career when his reputation reaches such a level that nobody wants to risk money on a confrontation. So he must either race for fun, a highly unprofessional motivation, or begin to spot his opponents car lengths to entice them to compete. But giving somebody a head start in a street race can be risky, particularly if he takes more than his share of the road. According to Malcolm, "Some guys think they can run six-pound snake-skin tires in all that dirt and sand. They start wiggling around out in front of you. I'll back off. I'd rather lose the race than get killed. If anybody's been drinking, I won't race them, because they're not going to endanger my life. There's a little bit of risk, but you watch your pavement. And your car has to be right. You don't race nobody with some junk that's all hunched up to the point where it might not stay on the road."

One night Malcolm loaded his Dodge onto a trailer and headed toward South Bend. He trailed the car since driving it even 30 miles on regular roads might damage the 5-13 gear as well as take

the edge off engine performance. But using a trailer caused other problems. "If you come pulling up with a trailer you'll usually scare everybody away," Malcolm explained as he drove. "So you don't let them know you towed into town. You just tow it and park it. Every town has a place where they gather. In South Bend, it's Bonnie Dunn's. And they cruise up and down the main street and sit in parking lots. You wait."

"The bad thing about going out of town is you don't know the area where you'll race. You have to trust the other guys, but you don't know how much racing they do. You might be running low twelves or high elevens and be up to maybe 120 mph at the end of the quarter and get in a bad part of the pavement. Then you're in trouble."

"You go out of town and the guys will have a quarter that's all set up. The quarter may be real short and they'll run a car with a big gear that can handle a short quarter. Or maybe they have a quarter that's a couple hundred feet long, so they'll equip their car with a higher gear, figuring they can come around you on the high end."

Malcolm pulled up in the parking lot of a factory and unloaded his Dodge from the trailer and craned into town. He stopped at Bonnie Dunn's. Two local racers wandered by.

"Got a fast car there?" said one.

"Yeah, that's right," said Malcolm.

The second racer eyed the car and its driver. "You're Malcolm from City, ain't you?"

Malcolm admitted he was.

"See you around," said the two drivers, departing.

Malcolm remained parked, did some more talking, cruised a bit, then finally trailed his Dodge and drove home. "You might race 10 or 12 times a night," he said. "Then some other times you might run once or twice a week. Other weekends you might not race at all, because if you're top dog, ain't nobody around town going to run you. And there's no sense running for kicks."

Later during the week, while cruising the main street of La Porte with a friend named Frank, Malcolm found someone with a 442 who wanted to race him. They agreed to meet at a nearby shipping mall, then head for the course. Malcolm stopped at his garage behind Kno-

continued

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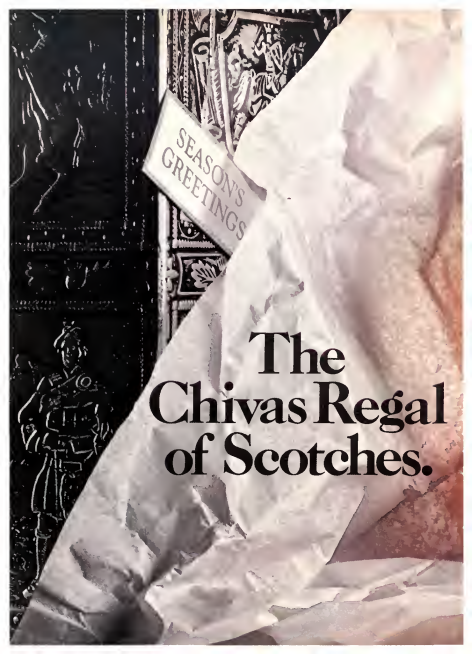
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he's shop for a quart of oil, but when he arrived at the mall his opponent never appeared. Frank suspected that the other driver asked around and learned who he would be racing. "Everybody knows Malcolm. And if he was driving a showroom stock car they'd be afraid to race him," Frank, too, was experiencing difficulties in his newly finished Camaro. "I sunk all my money in this car and I can't find anybody to race," he complained. Part of the problem was a more stringent Indiana law that prohibited high rear bumpers and too loud mufflers. Also a larger proportion of the younger generation rode on motorcycles instead of in hot cars. A few weeks later Frank did race one biker on a 750-cc. Honda. "None of them bikers got any money," said Malcolm. "They had to pass around the hat to a dozen guys before they could come up with \$25." Frank beat the bike by six lengths, jeopardizing future competition with that crowd.

At the end of the summer, Malcolm looked particularly glum. He explained that he had accumulated too many points on his driver's license and had lost it. The only legal way he could get around town was to have his girl friend drive him. "Maybe I can still race at the drag strip," said Malcolm. But racing under supervision had little appeal.

A month later a friend wandered into the shop. "Where's Malcolm?"

"Gone to Florida," said Jack. "He drove over to the junkyard one night to dump some parts and the police spotted him. Jailed him for two nights. I had to go bail him out." That had ended Malcolm's career. Deciding too many people knew him in town, he left his street fooler with his brother, loaded his furniture on the back of a flatbed trailer behind his maroon Dodge and headed south with his girl.

"Who was driving?"

"Malcolm."

"Without a license?"

Jack shook his head doubtfully.

Malcolm's seat has been vacated. You can walk into Jack's now at night and see others perched there, but somehow they look awkward in his place, as though they might topple any minute. They don't have that look of a buzzard ready to feed and they don't wear bowling shoes.

END

Movies without movie lights.



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Which Color TV has the best picture?

**People from
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at the six leading
big-screen color TV's.**

**They voted Zenith
the best picture
by more than 2 to 1.**

Test conducted by Opinion Research Corporation,
at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago.

How the test was made

The entire test was conducted by a leading independent research organization, Opinion Research Corporation, of Princeton, New Jersey.

Opinion Research purchased six new color television sets directly from retail stores. All sets were 25-inch (diagonal measurement) solid-state, full-featured models representing the six largest-selling brands in the United States.

The test was set up in the lobby of America's largest hotel, the Conrad Hilton in Chicago, to reach people from all over the country.

All six sets were masked so they couldn't be identified. Only the pictures were visible. Each picture had a number above it. Viewers were

Which color TV has the best picture?	
Zenith	50.1%
2nd best brand	21.1%
3rd best brand	8.8%
4th best brand	8.5%
5th best brand	5.8%
6th best brand	5.2%

Percent of Ballots

asked to vote, by number, for the best picture. At the end of each day of voting, the sets were rotated to new positions. Different independent TV servicemen, selected by Opinion Research, were brought in each day to readjust the sets after they were rotated. These servicemen, who monitored the performance of all sets

continually, had authority to replace components or make any alteration necessary to maintain all sets at peak performance.

By the end of the test, 2,707 people had voted. The ballots were compiled and tabulated by Opinion Research.

As shown in the table above, Zenith was picked by more than 2 to 1 over the next best brand.

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BABY, IT'S BOLD OUTSIDE



Each winter can seem like an Ice Age across the northlands unless one determines, as the snow-belters have, that it is better to love it than leave it. In St. Paul and Quebec, and in dozens of cities like them, the longest season is livened by winter carnivals, festivals in which the courageous come out to play. That Stonehenge-like affair ringed by cars (above) is really frozen White Bear Lake where 10,000 Minnesotans are ice fishing for northern pike and carnival prizes. Warming to the occasion, they also race cars on the ice and, in Quebec, push, tug, paddle and wallow canoes right across the chunky St. Lawrence. There are parades to see, ice to sculpt, plus enough dogsled and snowshoe races to bring everybody out for fresh air and fun. And in each city the event doubles as a harbinger: if the carnival comes, can spring be far behind?





Winter carnival competitors move fast to keep warm—from the tobogganists at Quebec to the frustrated snowshoe racers at Michigan Tech to the kid sledgers in St. Paul's family mutt races.



The blanket toss is St. Paul Athletic Club's bouncy contribution to the big show, while in Quebec motorcycle racers stage an annual icy showdown.





ISN'T THIS F-F-FUN?

What are all those crazies doing out-doors on days like this? Here it is zero to 20 below, the tips of their noses are turning white, and they're out there *enjoying*. Well, there is an explanation. Inside their longies, swaddled in sheepskins, hemstitched and wrapped into miles of mufflers, they are proving a couple of cold points. One: northerners really are the hardy, fearless folk they believe themselves to be. Two: as long as winter won't go away, maybe it's best to get out and thrash around in it.

This madness officially began back in 1886 in Minnesota—where the winter air is so cold that it crackles—when a few hearties began tossing somebody in a blanket and, amazingly, drew a crowd. Hardly had the high-thrown victim settled to earth when the St. Paul Winter Carnival was born, an icy festival that has since been widely copied and now fires up the entire town over the coldest days of its year.

Blanket tossing and all, the Minnesota carnival has become one community's best answer to the winter blahs, growing to the point where there are now 55 events in 10 days, something to lure everybody outside this Jan. 26-Feb. 4. There are two giant parades, one by day and one by torchlight at night, there is family competition in cold sports of all sorts and a 500-mile Winnipeg-to-St. Paul snowmobile dash. There also is the nation's oldest ice-fishing contest on White Bear Lake which, assuredly, can support the 5,000 to 10,000 fanatics who get out on it, cars and all, to drop minnows through holes predilled by the parks department. Naturally, the first prize—a three- or four-pound northern or walleye pike could win it—is a new snowmobile. And this season, in case any of these activities might have left some poor soul indoors by a warm fire, the carnival also will feature a mile-long

banana split, served outdoors, no refrigeration necessary.

While St. Paul's is the jewel of carnivals, there are similar winter perk-uppers all across the snow country. Since 1911, the Dartmouth Winter Carnival (Feb. 9-11) has been an Eastern fixture, built around ski competition and snow sculpture. The college influence also dominates the annual festivities (Jan. 30-Feb. 3) on the Michigan peninsula at Houghton, one of the coldest regions of the world. Michigan Tech's Blue Key sponsors the celebration, the men grow warm beards and select a snow queen. Tech's dog sled races feature real, live undergrads acting as the dogs, and the big snowshoe race lasts one-eighth mile or until everybody collapses, whichever comes sooner. Snow sculpture is the highlight, with statuary tending to the monumental, 30-foot scale, creating a yearly show for the entire town.

In Colorado, Denver University's carnival (Jan. 27-28) offers up genuine ski competition, but other Coloradans are not as serious: in some of the best events the racers slalom down the course carrying trays of drinks. A sinuous torchlight parade of night skiers keynotes the celebrations at Steamboat Springs (Feb. 9-11), creating a stunning effect calculated to last until spring.

The Laurentian Snow Festival in Canada (Feb. 8-17) features a number of muncarnivals around Sainte-Agathe des Monts, complete with motorcycle racing on frozen Lac des Sables and the annual dog sled derby, this one with serious drivers harnessed up to even more serious huskies.

Certainly the most courageous carnival event of all is the *course en canoe*, the annual canoe race crashing through the ice floes of the St. Lawrence River between Quebec City and Lévis on the opposite shore, while 100,000 spectators shiver and cheer. The Quebecers in their festival (Feb. 22-March 4) also parade by day and night and stage a chilled national championship motorcycle race.

Crazy, yes. Still, if a new Ice Age is indeed coming, as was predicted recently in a scientific report, at least half the country will be ready.

—BOB OTTUM

The biggest snow sculptures rise up at Michigan Tech and the coldest floats slide past in Quebec City's night parade—while in all cases spectators, like the two St. Paul youngsters at left, are suitably packaged for the occasion.

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When Northeastern Oklahoma A&M elevated its fourth-string quarterback to a starting role against Baptist Bible College of Springfield, Mo., it may not have been big news outside of Miami, Okla. But then the reserve threw three touchdown passes in a 95-0 rout. His name: **John Rockne**, grandson of Knute That was news.

Defensive Back **Ted Vactor** is a Redskin basically because he is a football fan. "Four years ago I had quit the game and was working for a company that transferred me to Washington," the former Nebraska Cornhusker says. "One day I went into the Redskins office and tried to buy tickets. 'We're all sold out,' the man behind the counter said, 'but I'll put you on the list 3,456th.' So I went upstairs and ran into the director of player personnel. He told me I ought to play again. But what sold me was that he offered me a job with the Virginia Sailors and mentioned that each player there got two free tickets to the Redskin games."



For those who are keeping score, the Libbers' newest triumph occurs nightly in San Diego. **Nancy Carter**, 22, runs the 30-second clock for the ABA franchise there and also handles the personal-foul paddles. A Kentucky Colonel fan before moving to San Diego, Ms. Carter has had only two problems. Once the clock blew a fuse, and she had to carry on with a stop-watch. Once, much worse, a referee asked to hold her hand during a time-out.

Oklahoma's prized **Selmon brothers**—**Lucius**, a Big Light selection at tackle, and freshman **LeRoy** and **Dewey**—all credit hog wrestling for their football ability. One of Lucius' shores down on the family farm was to grab hogs so that his brothers could insert rings in their noses. "The hogs varied from baby pigs to 400-pounders," Lucius says. "We had to keep them penned up, because if they got out they might cut one of us up. A hog has no sense. He just runs straight at you. Hogs are easier to get ahold of than, say, Nebraska's **Johnny Rodgers**."

♦ **Dan Pritchard** is the name and flame is his game. Besides football, that is. The 230-pound Pritchard, a fullback for Pacific Lutheran University, led the Northwest Conference in rushing for most of the year. He is also a school record holder in the shotput and discus. But what's really cool is that he's an authentic Samoan flame dancer. Some guys have talent to burn.

No sooner had the excitement died away over **Princess Anne's** driving—would she or wouldn't she become the first publicly prosecuted member of the royalty since **Charles I** (she wouldn't, being let off with a mere warning for speeding)—



than she again lost her head and gained headlines. This time she went fox hunting, which is widely condemned as a "blood sport" in Britain, not once but three times, all at the invitation of **Lieutenant Mark Phillips**, British Olympic equestrian and an officer in the First Battalion Queen's Dragoon Guards. The outcry was fearful. "Animal lovers were appalled that the Princess appears to be able to do no better with her leisure time than to help bait the daylights out of foxes," snapped the chairman of the League Against Cruel Sports. And **William Price**, Labor M.P. from Rugby, of all places, questioned her interest in sports, advising her to—"give a little less time to masters of foxhounds and a little more to the lady on the shop floor."

Actor **Guy Madison**, who had phenomenal success riding bucking broncos as television's **Wild Bill Hickok** in the 1950s, wound up in the hoosegoin' in San Jose, Calif. after—police said he was thrown by a bar stool.

In a new book the Jets' **Webb Ewbank** goes into stunning detail about Baltimore's memorable back-to-back championships when he was coaching the Colts in 1958 and 1959. In fact, describing the easier 31-16 win of '59, he devotes several sentences to cornerback **Bobby Boyd**, his

strengths, his weaknesses and his value to the team. Which is fine, except that at the time of the game Boyd was just beginning to simmer down after a smoldering year as the University of Oklahoma quarterback. He did not join the Colts until 1960.

Art Linkletter's wife **Lois** was inspecting her new home in Bel Air when she opened a closet and noticed a pair of golf shoes on the floor. Thinking the previous owner had left them, she tried to pick them up, but they would not budge. The golf shoes, it seems, were camouflage for a trapezoid covering a secret compartment used to hide jewelry.

Flamboyant Washington sportscaster **Warner Wolf** went into great detail on several of his shows when Redskins Quarterback **Sonny Jurgensen** tore his Achilles tendon. "Imagine that," Wolf told his listeners. "No one even hit him just a pop—snap—and Sonny is out for the year." Well, Sunday morning Wolf, 35, was playing quarterback in an "old man's" touch football league. He rolled out to pass, couldn't find a receiver and started to run. Pop Snap. Wolf fell just short of the goal line, thinking he had been tagged on the heel. When he looked around, no one was there. Immediately, he knew what had happened. He had—yes, indeed—snapped his Achilles' tendon.

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ing but inadequate ones. Those years a child spends in a day care center are few but vitally important to his future. More than half of everyone's learning ability is developed before school age.

If you're as concerned as we about day care centers being good ones, send for our free booklet. Write: Day Care, Metropolitan Life, One Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. Or call your local Metropolitan office.

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A case of sophistry

Remember when most college coaches had a team barber and the players weren't petitioning to make the athletic dorms coeducational? Remember when cheerleaders could be counted on for *yo-ho-ho-bah* instead of the funky Broadway? Remember when you wondered who was going to be the national champion? Remember when all of this

SOPHOMORE Oscar Jackson, 6' 2" snuff ball over Jacksonville's 6' 4" Leon Benbow

was relevant, or at least seemed to be?

Those were simple, unadulterated days when men could live by the rules. A college coach, for example, always understood never to snub alumni, never to eat in the student union and never to play any of that ungainly breed: sophomores. Everyone agreed that you couldn't win with sophomores. They made sophomore mistakes, suffered sophomore jitters and were prone to sophomore slumps. They couldn't remember the school song or how to run the pregame warmup drill. They were shy, awkward, and their girl friends wore hobby socks. Sophomores were just juniors waiting to grow up. Of course, that was before the dawn of precocious youth, back before parents started asking their kids if Mom and Dad could borrow the family two-door for a night out; back when you didn't need your third-grade son to tune in the television set. Everybody knows that *there* are bigger, stronger and smarter than we were, having been fed a fortified diet of breakfasts of champions, isometrics and Captain Kangaroo, and a lot more perspicacities, meaning you can fool some of them some of the time, but don't count on it.

And nowhere was this copious infusion of young talent more aptly displayed than at the Steel Bowl basketball tournament in Pittsburgh last weekend. Three tournament teams, Jacksonville, Pittsburgh and Duquesne, all were given a chance at the title, mostly because of some exciting sophomores, and the fourth entry, Southern Illinois University, bannered a sophomore as its best player. In the end, Duquesne's young hunch proved fittest as the Dukes won the title with an 82-73 victory over Jacksonville Saturday night and placed two sophomores on the all-tournament team. It was the 17th time in the 22 years the tournament has been played that a Pittsburgh team had won the Steel Bowl, sending visiting clubs home with coal dust on their faces. Pitt finished third and Southern Illinois, predictably, was last. Just not enough sophomores.

In the tourney's opening game Friday night Jacksonville got off to a slow

start but took control midway in the opening half as Leon Benbow and Jimmie Clark, a sophomore, came off the bench to apply defensive pressure, and the Dolphins went on to an 89-77 victory over Southern Illinois. "I knew they were a good team but I didn't know they were that good," said SIU's big sophomore center, Joe Merweather.

Then everybody leaned forward to listen to the sound of falling bodies in the second game as Duquesne met the University of Pittsburgh. When these two crosstown rivals play each other you can be assured of all the rancorous emotions of a game between North and South Vietnam, since basketball is the premier sport at both schools. Duquesne does not have a football team, and it has been suggested that neither does Pitt.

Pittsburgh hoped for a Knight to remember, counting on its star Billy Knight, who averaged 21 points a game as a sophomore last season. But instead it turned into a Knight to forget. Duquesne Coach Red Manning, who has shepherded the Dukes to postseason tournaments in four of the last five years, soldered Jack Wojdowski and Ruben Montaner to Knight on the outside, forcing the 6' 6" youngster to handle the ball in order to get open. It was choreography that Knight never mastered, and he went until the last 45 seconds of the first half before his first field goal. His failure infected the rest of the Pitt team, which made only eight of its first 40 shots. "Knight's basically a jump shooter and we forced him to drive and put it down," explained Montaner, a Puerto Rican.

Tom Wasdin, coach of Jacksonville, sat glumly at courtside and watched the pit-Duquesne game, dismayed by the malevolent style of play. "This is nothing but a street fight," he muttered at one point after a brief scuffle broke out on the floor. On a few other occasions players were guilty of tackling after the ballcarrier already was downed. "I don't know if my little kids can handle this."

Manning and Duquesne's strong center, Lionel Billings, saw the championship game differently. "We've only got one guy on the boards, Lionel, and he's going to have three guys piling on him and that has to take its toll," said the coach. "They're all jumpers," said Bil-

continued

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ling. "We'll have to jump with them."

As much as anything, the game seemed destined to determine which school had the better freshmen last year when the Dukes claimed the title of top-scoring freshmen in the nation at 109.6 points a game. Jacksonville's freshmen, nicknamed the Super Six, rang up 93 points in one half and averaged 109.2 for 25 games, and the move to the varsity hasn't made any of the youngsters nervous. Manning starts two sophomores, Kip McLane and Oscar Jackson, and counts five of them among his first eight players, while Wasdin alternates his lineup, always using at least two sophomores in the first five.

The best of the Super Six a year later is Henry Williams, a 6' 6" guard who sank 15 of 23 shots in his first varsity game. Roy Rubin, the coach of the Philadelphia 76ers, watched Jacksonville work out earlier in the week and concluded he could find a place for Williams on the 76er roster right now.

All of the Super Six made high school All-America teams and Wasdin also has junior Benbow, another All-America in high school, and Abe Steward and Butch Taylor, two junior college All-Americans. "We run and we try to play a pro-type game," says Wasdin, explaining Jacksonville's attraction for exceptional players. "We've had nine players drafted in the pros in the last three years. We've never had a junior college player who hasn't started and who hasn't been drafted."

Manning is confronted with much the opposite situation. Each year he takes tepid talent and heats it into a sizzling record, and his players revere him for it. "We call him Dad sometimes—behind his back," says Wojdowski, a senior on the team. "We don't have much talent but we've got a lot of heart. We only have one big man but we put a lot of our inside into it. We're like a big family. We can tell each other when we're wrong."

Duquesne fell behind by six points at halftime, but Jacksonville's inability to bury some easy inside shots forecast its eventual doom. The Dolphins hit only 24% from the floor in the second half, and Billings dominated the boards while two of the Duquesne sophomores, Jackson and McLane, provided the winning touch. Jackson scored 14 points in the last 22 minutes and McLane contained Abe Steward, the Jack-

sonville forward who had been shooting 64% from the floor.

"We don't look like much on paper," conceded Wojdowski in the Dukes' jubilant dressing room, surrounded by teammates pouring soft drinks on each other and leading the squad in cheers—acting in general like a bunch of young sophomores. "But paper doesn't mean anything to us. We like to scrap. We like to run. We'll play any way as long as we win. The Dukes are real."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST

UCLA did not play last week. Mark that up as a merciful dispensation of preholiday goodwill. Among those who did compete were Long Beach State, which journeyed to Tacoma to win the Daffodil Classic by ho-humming its way past Portland State 102-66 and Puget Sound 102-70.

John Bero, a 6' guard who is San Francisco's sixth man, led the Dons to victory in the Cable Car Classic. After they had blown 18 points of a 19-point bulge over La Salle in the opening round, Bero sank two foul shots with seven seconds to go for a 74-73 win. In the title match he made good on eight foul tries in the last five minutes as the Dons rallied to beat Duke 72-68.

Although the season is young, it was already show-down time in Albuquerque, where New Mexico ambushed New Mexico State. The Lobos might not have done so, however, had Coach Norm Ellenberger not misread the halftime statistics. Thinking that his team had been outscored, Ellenberger had a few stern words to say in the locker room. The chastised Lobos, down by a point, charged out, scored the first 13 points of the second half and won 88-67.

Arizona used four freshmen in dumping Southern Cal 71-69. The Trojans made just half of their six foul shots while the Wildcats made all 13 of theirs, freshman Jim Rappis sinking the last two with 11 seconds left. And Al Fleming, a 6' 8" new comer, grabbed 13 rebounds and had 21 points.

Utah, playing with four freshmen, performed well, yet came up a three-point loser—65-59 to Kansas State, 81-70 to Weber State and 78-67 to Utah State.

Only two active major college coaches have won more often than Washington's Merv Harshman, who has a knack for turning ordinary players into winners. In all, he has won 421 games and his Huskies raised

this season's record to 5-0 by beating Seattle 68-56 and Seattle Pacific 86-66. Among Harshman's starters are a 6' 7" center, John Quigg, who is scoring fewer than two points a game, and a walk-on guard, Ron Williams.

1. UCLA (3-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (3-0)

EAST

It was another week in the East. For the first college game ever in Long Island's new Nassau Coliseum, who should play? Why Michigan and Brigham Young, of course. Michigan built a 44-35 halftime lead, then was bedazzled by the well-traveled Kresimir Cosic, the Yugoslav Yo-Yo. Cosic went everywhere in the second half, finishing with 27 points and 15 rebounds to pull off an upset for the Cougars 83-77. Shining for the Wolverines was Campy Russell with 27 points.

Air Force, California and Nebraska all flew to Morgantown, W. Va. for the Mountaineer Classic. There, with John Coughran dropping in 25 points and clearing the boards 19 times, California won the championship game from West Virginia 63-51.

Philadelphia's Palestra also had visitors for a tripleheader, only one of whom went away a winner. That was Oregon State, whose coach, Ralph Miller, confessed he became a "raving maniac" as he watched his boys blow all but one point of a 10-point lead before regrouping for a 56-50 win over Temple. In the other games, La Salle held off Biscayne 59-67 and Penn put down The Citadel 67-34. La Salle prevailed, thanks to the improved shooting of Frank Doyle, who sank eight of 14 shots after correcting a hitch in his jumper. As for Penn, it overcame a stall by The Citadel, which kept the score down to 6-6 after the first 7:12 before committing nine quick turnovers.

Update: New York teams had mixed results. Cornell toppled Penn State 74-65 for its first home victory in a year, then was brushed off by Colgate 77-68. Despite 40 turnovers, Maryland enjoyed its visit to Canisius, where Tom McMillen accounted for 32 points on a 107-80 romp. Bonaventure beat Thomas More 98-57 and Bowling Green 83-70 but lost 73-70 to Georgetown in overtime. The touring Falcons then played Niagara, and the light-fingered Purple Eagles stole the ball 17 times en route to a heavy-handed 100-77 win. Earlier, Niagara lost 67-62 to Villanova, which rose to 3-0 outlasting tough Philadelphia Textile 69-59. American U. took a 20-9 lead over Syracuse, then wilted away 84-73.

Bill Kapler of Princeton did not take a shot against Rutgers but he had a large hand in the Tigers' 51-47 victory. Kapler repeatedly blocked shots by high-voltage freshman Phil Sellers, who missed 13 of 18 and wound up with 17 points.

LIU ended little Bentley's 28-game regular-season victory streak 82-78, Iowa

continued

stopped Army 82-64. Harvard took Springfield 122-98 and Fordham beat Yale 95-81. Providence got 25 points from Ernie DiGregorio as it opened with a 94-58 slaughter over St. Francis of Brooklyn, and Fairfield, the area's most improved team, remained undefeated with wins over two St. Francis, of Brooklyn and Loretto, Pa.

1. PROVIDENCE (1-0) 2. PENN (3-0)

MIDWEST Following Tennessee's 56-30 loss at Marquette, Vol Coach Ray Mears said he felt the Warriors were capable of beating anyone. "Their pressure defense is better than anything I've seen UCLA play," Mears said. But the Warriors were less impressive against Memphis State, nearly wasting away a 16-point lead before hanging on 72-69.

Evangelist Oral Roberts forgot the benediction at the dedication ceremonies for the Titans' new \$11 million arena. As for the players, they almost forgot how to win, though they did take all three games at home, beating Wisconsin 90-76, Idaho State 95-82 and Murray State 79-78. Wisconsin led the Titans by 12 points, only to have David Vaughn rally his team with 17 straight points. Idaho State outrebounced the Titans, who led the nation in that department a year ago, but Richard Fagusa salvaged that game with 31 points.

John Brown of Missouri did it all. In a 55-second span against Purdue, he broke open the game by sinking a hook shot, driving in for a layup and then picking up a loose ball, and putting in another. Brown finished with 35 as the Tigers won 84-75. Later against Ohio State, the 6' 7" Brown brought 7' Luke Witte to earth, outscoring him 24-9 as the Tigers won their fifth in a row 69-62.

Allan Horvath scored 12 second-half points to help prevent another Buckeye loss. Notre Dame led 87-59 with six minutes left but OSU battled to a 69-69 tie. Horvath added six more in the overtime for an 81-75 win.

Several other Big Ten teams looked strong. Indiana beat Kansas 72-55 and gave Kentucky its second loss in a row, 64-58. Kevin Kunnert scored 19 points in the second half—and 23 overall—as Iowa put down Kansas 69-56. Substitutes helped Minnesota and Purdue to win. Dave Winfield came off the Gopher bench to sink 11 of 13 shots in a 79-60 win over Wisconsin-Milwaukee. And Rick Ringer, who scored just 22 points the past two seasons, connected on four of five tries as Purdue blazed TCU 101-70. Michigan won twice, downing Oregon State 68-57 and Dayton 81-78. The Beavers held Campy Russell scoreless, but he came back against the Flyers with 25 points.

Another highly rated freshman, Walter Luskett of Ohio, did not score against Northwestern, but Bill Brown had 24 points as

the Bobcats won 74-69. Gary Dees also had 24 points as Miami of Ohio jolted Cincinnati 63-61.

Colorado lost to Houston 77-72 but beat Tulane 97-86 and New Mexico State 87-77. Paving the way to the upset of the Aggies were Dave Logan, who was not even on Colorado's preseason roster, and Lee Haven, called Harpo because of his moppy hair. Logan had 20 points and Haven 21.

Wisconsin-Milwaukee and Loyola of Chicago won in spite of their coaches. Wisconsin's Charlie Parsley told Harold Lee he was wasting his time taking 40-foot shots in practice, but he could not complain when Lee hit one of those long ones in the last five seconds to upset Bradley 74-72. A month ago Loyola's George Ireland cut Brian Hayden from his squad. But the 6' 2" Hayden refused to go and against St. Mary's of California he came in to subdue 6' 8" Bill Ruzarski and help the Ramblers win 92-88.

1. ORAL ROBERTS (3-0) 2. MARQUETTE (3-0)

SOUTH In Mason-Dixon country it was not the intruder in the dust but the home team—Kentucky and Western Kentucky, for two. Iowa upended Kentucky 79-66, only the third time since 1926 that had happened to the Wildcats in a home opener. The Hawkeyes rattled them with a pressing man-to-man defense. After years of obscurity in the NAIA, West Georgia this year became an NCAA small-college team. The Braves won their first four games, all against small-college foes, and then, stepping above their new class, shocked Western Kentucky 89-88. And they did it in Bowling Green, Ky., in front of 9,600 onlookers, which is roughly the population of Carrollton, Ga., home of the Braves and land of Pat Magley, who had 30 points. Western also lost the finale of the Vanderbilt Invitational to the host Commodores 103-88.

One intruder that bit the dust was Texas. The Longhorns could not have been more surprised if they had lost to Mississippi State, which is what they did 80-69.

Dale Brown, who replaced Press Maravich as coach at LSU, vowed his team would be exciting, if not a winner. In their opener the Tigers were both, as they stunned Memphis State 94-81. Much of the excitement was provided by Eddie Palubinskas, a 6' guard from Australia's Outback by way of Ricks Junior College in Idaho. Second-highest scorer in the Munich Olympics, Palubinskas led the way with 32 points. Although Maravich was not around for that performance, his new club—Appalachian State—put on a dandy show of its own. The Mountaineers, in their first official Southern Conference game, trounced Richmond 67-65.

That old whereabout Alabama sports—that there are only two of them, football and spring football—may have gone the way of

the Model A Ford. The Crimson Tide, seeing red, humbled Southern Cal 76-66, mostly on the shooting of Wendell Hudson, who was still seething over the memory of the 122-75 loss to USC two years ago when the Trojans kept in their first team most of the way. Said Hudson: "I remember as a sophomore we started a young team and they took advantage of us, so we had a lot of incentive to fight." Hudson put in a down straight shoot from the field to finish with 13 for 15 and 29 points.

After being whopped by North Carolina State, Georgia Southern (a 144-100 loser) and South Florida (lower by 125-88) had every reason to tell the Wolfpack: "We can't go on meeting like this." Southern Coach J. E. Rowe, who felt the Pack deserved its No. 6 ranking in the wire-service polls, said, "I'd rate them right behind the Lakers, Bucks, Celtics, UCLA and a couple of others." Leading point getters for the North Carolinians in the two games were sophomore David Thompson (70) and 7' 4" Center Tom Burrisson (50).

North Carolina got 28 points from sophomore Donald Washington to drub Dartmouth 128-86, but Washington broke a bone in his left foot as the Tar Heels struggled to beat Virginia Tech 96-82.

"That's going to be a great team. They're quicker than anyone we've seen in a long time." That was South Carolina Coach Frank McGuire's opinion—not about one of the top 20 teams in the nation or a fallen power on the rise again, but about Nevada at Las Vegas, a team with an 0-3 record. As good as Nevada may be, Coach John Bayer is operating like a high roller by testing his youngsters against a brutal schedule. Last week his boys lost to the Gamecocks 76-49 and to Texas Tech 67-53. The week before they lost to Southwestern Louisiana, and this week they face Oral Roberts and Hawaii. Such scheduling is enough to make even Bayer reach for an aspirin. Meanwhile, South Carolina further proved it was no slouch, beating Michigan State 83-64.

Southwestern Louisiana flew past Pan American 111-77 and converted its way to the Bayou Classic title at home by disposing of St. Joseph's 85-74 and Marshall 98-84. Even more impressive than the wins was Dwight Lamar, who curbed his gunning the lead a mere 89 points (in three games) to devote more time to much-needed playmaking.

Successing to Virginia were VMI (85-67) and, after three straight wins, Wake Forest (75-62). Clemson had hopes when it took on Furman, but Tiger optimism was cast away as quickly as slak turnovers, 41 slak turnovers in fact, as they lost 83-69.

Florida State had little difficulty squeaking Eastern Kentucky 87-70 or Bynum 97-62 as Lawrence McCray scored 40 points.

1. FLORIDA STATE (9-0) 2. MARYLAND (12-0)



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If you add up the total footage and the total velocity of the 26 goals Ron Ward scored for the New York Raiders this season, you might—just might—get one of Bobby Hull's 30-foot, 110-miles-an-hour slap shots. A Ward goal is a deflection or a converted rebound or a soft backhand that trickles through the goaltender's pads and comes to rest 1/1,000th of an inch across the goal line. "I am," Ward candidly admits, "a true garbage collector."

There was Ward last Wednesday night, hanging around the crease as his linemates, Wayne Rivers and Brian Bradley, battled furiously for the puck behind the New England Whalers' net. Ward casually skated around the perimeter of the crease, not bothering a soul, and then he stopped in a spot about three feet in front of Goaltender Bruce Landon, who was hugging the right post as the skirmish for the loose puck continued behind him. Suddenly the puck rolled out toward Ward's stick. Ping! With almost casual disdain, Ward flicked a backhand shot that floated past Landon's glove, hit the goalpost and caromed in.

"I don't understand it," Bradley complained afterward. "I can shoot the puck through the boards and you can't break a pane of glass, but I've got only two goals and you've got 26. It's ridiculous." Ward tried to console his frustrated linemate. "Brian," he said in an avuncular tone, "you've just got to learn how to talk to the puck."

Ward obviously spent the summer picking up the lingo. Playing for the Vancouver Canucks of the National Hockey League last season, he had only two goals and four assists for a grand total of six points in 71 games. Right now though, he leads the World Hockey Association with 26 goals and 20 assists for 46 points—in just 28 games. "The puck has taken some funny bounces for me so far, and they've all been good," Ward says, sounding almost apologetic. "But it's about time I got some breaks."

Thanks primarily to Ward's consistent goal scoring, the Raiders have managed to remain artistically and financially afloat in the struggling WHA. On the ice, they are within striking distance of the Whalers and the Cleveland Crusaders in the East Division, and if Kent Douglas and Bill Speer, experienced defensemen who have been masquerading as blimps, ever get into shape, the Raiders

The garbage man cometh

Deflections, rebounds and other close-in pickings are the repertoire of the WHA's surprise scoring ace, Ron Ward—up from NHL oblivion

could bring a hockey championship to Madison Square Garden before the rival Rangers of the NHL. Off the ice, though, the WHA has had to assume active control of the club's operations and presently is searching for a well-heeled investor—Lamar Hunt, where are you?—willing to sustain losses up to \$1 million a year until the Raiders and the WHA turn the dollar corner.

The original New York owners sent an SOS to the WHA after a succession of small crowds—the Raiders have averaged only 4,455 fans for their 18 games in the 17,500-seat Garden—created a serious revenue gap between projected receipts and actual dollars. "We also greatly underestimated what the start-up cost of a franchise would be," explains Lawyer Dick Wood, the original president of the Raiders, "and even-

tually we had to revise our budget upward three times."

What killed Wood's hopes in New York, and, indeed, may kill the WHA's, is the club's three-year lease agreement with Madison Square Garden. The Garden reportedly charges the Raiders \$22,500 rent for each playing date. The Raiders' game receipts, meanwhile, have been averaging about \$27,500 per date. By contrast, the Houston Aeros of the WHA have leased the Sam Houston Coliseum for the entire season for only \$37,500—less than \$4,000 a game.

"The worst part of the lease is the dates we've had," says Jim Brewitt, the WHA official who is administering the club's affairs. "So far the Raiders have played six Saturday afternoon games and six Sunday afternoon games in the Garden—all back to back, mind you—and,

continued



WARD SENDS ONE GOALWARD. GOOD THING HE CAN SHOOT, HE SAYS: CAN'T SKATE

well, how do you compete with football? This week we play a Monday night game in the Garden head on against the New York Jets on television from Oakland. The crowd will be awful, I'm sure. Our six Wednesday and Thursday night crowds have been encouraging, however. We have averaged about 7,000 for them, and that helps pay the bills."

Browitt has been able to extract a few concessions from the Garden management. The Raiders' equipment men now may use the Garden's washer and dryer to clean the team's equipment between those back-to-back games, and the Zamboni ice resurfacing machine has not broken down in 10 days. "They tell me the Zamboni is pretty reliable," Browitt says, "but the Garden's machine failed to work twice in two weeks."

Despite the difficulties the Raiders have encountered, both Browitt and Wood are optimistic about the club's future under new ownership in New York. "I've set up a workable budget of about \$2.2 million," Browitt says, "and the break-even attendance point is only 8,000 people a game. The most impressive selling point is the team itself. It's not a sick club on the ice. It's a legitimate contender. If the Raiders were sick, it would be different."

Wood claims the Raiders and the WHA offer the paying spectators a more exciting game than the NHL right now. "I've talked to the insiders and the fans at the Garden," Wood says, "and they all tell me it is nice to see close games once again. Now I'm not saying that our brand of hockey is comparable to the NHL's at this time, but at least all our teams are pretty evenly matched."

Actually, there has been very little difference in the closeness of competition in both leagues this year. In the WHA 65% of the games have been decided by two goals or fewer, 80% by three goals or fewer and the average winning margin has been 2.3 goals. On the whole, WHA teams have produced an average of 6.89 goals a game. In the NHL, 55% of the games have been decided by two goals or fewer and the average winning margin has been 2.6 goals, with an average production of 6.63 goals a game.

The major difference in relative excitement concerns tie games, and here the WHA gets five stars. There have been 33 tie games in the NHL this year

but only six in the WHA, thanks to the new league's decision to play a 10-minute, sudden-death overtime period in an attempt to eliminate deadlocks. Of the 24 regulation-game ties played so far in the WHA, 18 have been decided in overtime. In the old days the NHL argued that overtime periods would prevent teams from making train connections; now, in the age of the jet, that argument is no longer valid.

While the WHA's on-ice statistics rival the NHL's, the attendance figures do not. Last year the 14 NHL teams played to 90.8% of capacity. That percentage probably will drop a point or two this season because of the unhealthy franchise situation in Oakland and a surprising lack of response to the New York Islanders, who have been drawing some 4,000 fewer fans a game than had been expected.

The WHA's 12 teams have been playing to 48.7% of capacity, with an average crowd of 5,092. The New England Whalers (7,768) and the Quebec Nordiques (7,099) are easily the soundest and most successful operations, while the Raiders, with an average crowd of only 28.3% of capacity, and the Ottawa Nationals, only 24.8%, have not made enough money to cover their bills. (In Winnipeg, Hull, the WHA's No. 1 attraction, is playing to 50% of capacity in an 11,300-seat building.)

The dollar problems, however, have been of relatively small concern to the WHA players. "Our paychecks have not bounced," Ron Ward says, "and we still travel by jet and stay in the best hotels. Everything will work out."

For Ward, the WHA admittedly represents his last chance to play in any league with a major-league label. The WHA's rosters are a conglomerate of college graduates, minor-league retradees, NHL bench warmers and NHL stars, and Ward fits two categories: retrade and bench warmer. "My problem," he says, "is that I've never been a good skater." Indeed, Ward sort of steers himself around the ice, using his stick as a balance wheel. "I'm not very graceful," he says, "but I get there."

Ward was the property of the Toronto Maple Leafs when he turned professional in 1965, but he played only 18 games for them in the next four years, spending most of his time in road stops

such as Phoenix, Tulsa and Rochester.

"I always thought I could help the Leafs in certain areas if they ever gave me the chance," he says. "I need a couple of good wingers—one to back-check, one to dig the puck from the corners—then I'm all set. In Toronto I never got them." The Vancouver Canucks drafted Ward in the NHL's 1970 expansion, but they soon dispatched him to Rochester. "That was the low point," he says. "They didn't think I could help them." After a strong finish at Rochester, though, Ward was brought back to Vancouver last season. "I figured they were going to give me my shot at last, but all I did was kill penalties and take the odd shift when a game was hopelessly lost."

When the WHA phoned Ward last January, he indicated immediately that he was willing to jump leagues. "The Raiders made me a generous offer," he says. "As a matter of courtesy, I told the Vancouver people what it was. Now you would think the Canucks would try to persuade you to stay. Hah! Bud Poile, the general manager, told me I probably would not even make the club. So I was gone. You know, if Poile had said I had a chance to be their third center this year, I most likely would have stayed. But he told me I was no good."

The day after Ward's meeting with Poile, Vancouver Coach Hal Laycoe did try to persuade him to stay in the NHL. "What did they offer you?" he asked Ward. "Maybe we can match it." Ward looked at Laycoe. "No, Hal, you can't. The Raiders offered me a chance to play hockey."

At the start of the season Raider Coach Camille Henry planned to play Ward on defense where his poor skating would be less hindrance. Then the NHL filed suit against Garry Peters, another of the New York NHL defectors, and managed to keep him out of the lineup for several weeks, so Henry was forced to play Ward at center. "Now he'll stay there," Henry says.

Ward hopes so. "I figured that I'd score 20 or 25 goals this year," he says, "but now I'm thinking about getting 27. Seriously, for the first time in the major leagues I have the type of wings I need to be an effective player. Brian and Wayne will get the puck for me. I think I know what to do with it once I get it."

END

Christmas originals.

The original "Bah, humbug!"

First uttered in 1843, this festive commentary is attributed to one E. Scrooge, a lovable old character in Charles Dickens' classic, "A Christmas Carol."

The original Christmas gifts.

Fine togas, ripe grapes, and olive branch crowns. Gift giving is generally believed to have been handed down from the early Romans' season of merry-making called Saturnalia.

The original Christmas card.

A 5 1/2" x 3 1/4" Holiday greeting designed andetched by sixteen year old William Maw Egley, Jr. on Dec. 9, 1842 in England.

The original light Scotch.

Usher's Green Stripe.
The Holiday original since 1853.
Now also available in a very original gallon barrel. Ask your favorite retailer to show you. And give something original.

Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original.

Product of Scotland





**when it snows,
it pours**

Knocking the props from under 'em

I push the first valve down, the music goes "round and a-round . . . and it comes out here." Say water instead of music and you have a fair description of what happens in a fascinating new kind of boat—the hot, wet jet. This is not the jet that propels airplanes but a neat little device that sucks in water here, pumps it around a bit and then shoots it out there with enough wallop to pull a water skier or win a drag race.

Two large manufacturers have recently added jet-powered boats to their lines, thus bringing them out of the experimental stage into public use. Outboard Marine Corporation has linked two of its marine engines to water pumps built by Jacuzzi. Chrysler is readying an all-Chrysler package for sale in early spring.

But why the jet? Why not stick with the jet's closest cousin, the inboard-outdrive? Well, say a sandbank surfaces ahead. Instead of swerving away as one would with a propeller-driven boat, with a jet the driver throws a single lever—and hangs on. What happens next is the sort of thing that occurs when an airplane touches down and the pilot turns on the reverse thrusters; the boat brakes. Instead of gear teeth and bits of engine churning into scrap, as would be the case if a conventional transmission were suddenly slammed from full ahead to full astern, a gate closes around the jet stream and the boat reverses.

Even if the jet boat hits the bank full tilt it probably will hurdle right over. There is no prop or shaft or skeg or rudder on the bottom to snag. Indeed, when the Buehler Corporation introduced its Turbocraft a few years ago, a favorite method of bullying it was to run it up and down such woolly waters as the



STERN VIEW OF A JET SHOWS HOW LITTLE THERE IS TO SNAG IN SHALLOWS

Salmon, the Ronge and the grumpy Colorado. It bounced over sandbanks like a flat stone skipped on a pond and survived rapids that would have mangled a propeller-driven craft. But Buehler's jet system clogged up, it swallowed gas by the pumpful at low speeds and it had a nasty habit of spinning out in its own length.

Modern jets are much improved. Inspection plates tell when it is time to declog, and inadvertent spins are prevented by small ventral fins that keep a boat on a straight course. Unhappily, gas consumption and spongy low-speed steering continue to be problems. Figures from OMC reveal the difference between a 307-cu.-in., 245-hp V-8 linked first to an outdrive unit with propeller, then to a jet. At 25 mph the outdrive burns 5.4 gallons per hour; the jet, 6.5.

Docking a jet is no easy thing. It is sort of like sweeping a golf ball into a manhole with a high-pressure hose. One points the jet nozzle with the steering wheel and then, with a prayer, jabs the throttle to wash the boat in the desired direction. Everything seems to happen a bit slower than usual and not always with complete predictability.

But slow-speed disobedience is a small price to pay for safety. Because the jet uses no spinning, carving propeller, it makes an ideal water-ski tow boat. The driver need never dead accidentally run-

ning over a skier, and a jet will accelerate and climb up on a plane just about as fast as the prop boat.

In brief the jet is nothing more complicated than an engine coupled to a high-speed water pump, which flings a stream of water out through a stern nozzle at a velocity of up to 5,400 gallons per minute. But because of a sluggishness at low

speeds, jets are not recommended for heavy-displacement-type hulls. They will be utilized mostly in smallish family runabouts. They will also be used in bass boats; fish seem to like the sound of a jet but flee before the hum of an approaching propeller.

OMC will produce a 140-hp model which, mated with a Jacuzzi pump, will make one of the smallest, most economical combinations in jet boating. Chrysler's entries run from a 318-cu.-in. engine through 340 cu. in. to a 440-cu.-in., 330-hp brute. All will be married to pumps built by Chrysler engineers. "We have what we call a lateral thruster which gives more maneuverability," says Chrysler's Doug Talbot. "It steers almost like a small rudder and lends not only maneuverability when docking but stability as well. Yet the thruster doesn't reduce the shallow-water advantages of the jet. At this stage we feel our jets are every bit as efficient as the inboard-outdrive."

But any prospect of jets replacing prop power the way they have in aircraft seems at this point remote. Boatmen are fundamentally conservative, even those who buy high-velocity rigs can't help feeling that a boat without a propeller is like a plane without wings. A good many are going to change their minds, though, when they discover how neatly the jets handle the shallows.

END

**A
great new
natural
resource
has been
discovered
in Tampa**



Treasure is where you find it, and in Tampa it's being found every day in the garbage. Steel cans—the "tin" cans that soft drinks and other products come in—can live again in other forms, and in Tampa they do.

Here's how it works. People in Tampa who buy their products in steel cans just throw the empty cans in their garbage pails. At the municipal incinerator, magnetic separators pull the cans out of the garbage—at the rate of more than 100 million cans a year.



Refuse At Incinerator

Now those cans will be sold to a local steel mill, which will melt them down and recycle them into steel reinforcing bars for construction.

The beautiful thing about this process is that it benefits everyone. Citizens do their ecological duty without strain. The city saves landfill space. It also makes money by selling the cans. And a precious natural resource is conserved and reused, again and again.

In Tampa, glass and aluminum are returned by hand to collection centers. Only steel has the unique quality that permits it to be separated magnetically from household garbage.

Some 350 cities now have collection centers where people turn in cans that they've separated from their own garbage. Last year their total effort brought in an estimated 800 million cans.

In just 17 cities like Tampa, where magnetic separators are being used, the recovery rate is about two-and-a-half billion steel cans a year.

The system makes so much sense that it's no surprise the way it's spreading. By the end of 1973, 11 more cities will have joined the ranks of those with magnetic separators.



Magnetic Separator in Action

It doesn't matter how a municipal system disposes of its garbage. Whatever the system, steel cans can still be separated by magnets.

Most people seem to prefer one-

way cans, and if they want to keep getting them, recycling has to be workable. We know it is.



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If you'd like to help your city get on the bandwagon, write for a copy of **Progress Report on Recycling**. It has all the facts on steel can recovery, tells how your city can learn more about magnetic separation. Give it to your city officials. Help them enter the magnetic age.

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New world within one's compass

A man wearing dark glasses and boat sneakers came running out of the woods across a long open field, jogging through shoulder-high brown weeds, alone. He carried a crumpled map in one hand. In the other was a compass. It was near the gloaming of an autumn afternoon in New York state, and the man was perspiring awfully. His face was scratched, blood made a rill down one cheek. He was panting and wheezing and seemed a little pooped behind his shades. And he ran through the weeds for the last 150 yards as fast as he could go and finally tottered beneath a banner marked *FINISH*. Then he sagged, but he smiled, he smiled.

A tiny crowd, not more than three dozen strong, was sitting on a small knoll. Two or three applauded politely. The man waved to his well-wishers and brushed some dried leaf bits from his shoulders and began to speak animatedly, though still panting, to anyone who would listen. Lost? Hell, yes, he had been lost. Here he was coming in two hours after everyone else, of course he was lost. But, look here—he rattled the map—wasn't this a mistaken marking here? Wasn't the boulder field actually beyond the stone fence and wasn't this stream supposed to be west of the control point—here?

No, someone said gently, patting the

A neophyte orients himself to a stimulating pastime in the wilds

man's back. No, the map was right. The man in dark glasses was told that he had made some kind of mistake, probably gotten his compass bearing wrong or turned his map the wrong way or tried to find his way through the woods in dark glasses. He sighed, he frowned, but he did not complain further. In fact, he smiled. This was his first competition, wasn't it? He had finished. He had found his way to the *FINISH*. He was an orienteer now.

Undeniably, orienteering is an exquisite sport, an addictive sport, but it is strange. Perhaps the strangest thing of all about orienteering is that it is still so strange to so many Americans. After all, this is the age, is it not, of the rugged, suburban commuter-environmentalist, the citified nature lover, the deskbound fitness freak, the antispectator sportsman? This is the age, is it not, of at least an embryonic rebirth of retreat frontiersmen:

of hikers and backpackers and touring skiers, of Aquarian activists and outdoor aesthetes?

Well, orienteering is exactly the game for such times. It is a sport that actually injects intelligence and life into jogging, that most relentlessly mindless and boring of all leisure-time pursuits. Orienteering demands wit and stamina, sound logic and good lungs. It demands a lucid mind and a sure foot. It is played on vast acres of God's best tapestries, among great boulders and brown pine glades, beneath the melting gold of maple trees and over streaming fields of russet woods, past crumbled stone walls and along cold, tumbling brooks.

It takes Vasco da Gama's appreciation of a damned fine compass and combines it with John James Audubon's love of nature. It takes Roger Bannister's adoration of the long-distance run and combines it with Marco Polo's love of a fine map. Orienteering combines fresh air with personal risk (though not much) and physical exertion with mathematics (though not much). It can be played by men, women, children. Also by old men, old women, old children.

All in all, orienteering offers an oddly exalted sense of achievement—even if you have lost, even if you have *blow* lost out there.

In Scandinavia orienteering is a na-

continued

HAVING FOUND ONE CHECKPOINT, AN ORIENTEER CHECKS HIS MAP AND HUSTLES ON



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tional sport, on the order of cricket in England or tennis in Australia. Orienteers are heroes. Champions are stopped on public streets and besieged for autographs. In Sweden there is a mammoth annual orienteering competition called the O-Ringen 5-Dagars. No fewer than 9,500 men, women and children turn out to compete in 25 classes. They eat and drink outdoors, slumber in sleeping bags and, when the competition starts, they plunge into the wilderness in their thousands, running like frightened reindeer, all clutching sweet map and dear compass. Russia, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland and Bulgaria have scores of thousands of orienteers. There are, by conservative estimate, one million addicts in Europe today. And in Japan people can hop off their bullet trains at a number of stations and find orienteering maps and routes with the stationmaster.

By contrast, an event labeled the Third United States Orienteering Championships was held the other day on Ward Pound Ridge Reservation in northeastern Westchester County, out in the best rolling, wooded section of New York City exurbia. About 150 people, no more, turned up. Quite a few of them, like the bemused, bespectacled fellow with the headband and the faulty map, didn't know what the sport was all about. They had simply read about it in a local paper. Most of the really serious classy orienteers, it turned out, were military men, members of the Marine Corps and Army—professional orienteers by any definition. A hard-muscled USMC captain named Roger Liesegang finished first, far ahead of the field. Trophies were presented, courtesy of *Leatherneck* magazine. The undeveloped state of orienteering in the U.S. is probably as well defined by the preponderance of military men at Pound Ridge as by any other factor. Before it became a thing of joy for civilians, it was a tactic of war. In the U.S., orienteering is still essentially a war game, though perhaps it will not be for long.

The sport of orienteering was invented in 1918 by Major Ernst Killander, a Swedish national youth leader who felt even then that perhaps the world was too much with spectator sports and not enough with participation. The good major organized a series of cross-country running events through Swedish forests,

laying out points in the woods to be found with map and compass by the long-distance-running contestants. The game proved most appealing to Scandinavian penchants both for the love of endurance and for the rewards of logic.

The sport has changed almost not at all since Major Killander's day. It is—make no mistake about it—a race. The winner is the one who comes in quickest, with the least time elapsed in finding his way. But not all laurels go to the fastest long-distance runner. At the start of each competition (divided into categories to equalize the contestants by age and experience), each orienteer is given a contour map of the region (the more explicit the better) and a compass. Each runner starts alone, at intervals of a minute or two. A whistle blows, the contestant leaps forward to a board on which there is a master map marked with the controls (red and white flags) that must be located. Quickly—but accurately—he copies on his map the location of each control flag. There will be at least four, perhaps as many as 10 or 12, over a twisting, demanding course as long as five or six miles. Then with only his compass, his map and his wits for guidance, he sets out to find each control, in sequence. At each there will be a specially coded punch which he uses to mark a card he carries. This is to prove to the judges at home that he did indeed find every control point laid out on the map.

A well-done orienteering course has its controls fairly well concealed, perhaps even hidden between boulders or up a tree. And in the so-called "elite" category, a contender must practically step on a bright little flag before he knows he has actually found it. The decisions involved in a hard-fought, top-class orienteering contest are innumerable.

A first-class orienteer must be able to scan a map, see the infinity of potential routes from one control to the next and analyze the terrain, the angles of approach and his own physical agility and stamina, as well as the apparent strength of the competition.

"Almost no one beats an American running from the last control to the finish," says a military man, "but we've never come close to winning a major European event. That's because we can't pick all the nuances off a map as fast as the Europeans can. Those guys take a glance and start running. We have to

work it out for maybe a minute or more after every control. You're talking about seconds between the first 10 or 12 contestants in world-class meets."

In the U.S., the godfather of the sport is—or will be when the game finally catches on with the masses—Bjorn Kjellstrom, 62, a tall, handsome Swede who lives in Pound Ridge, N.Y. Not many years after orienteering was invented in Sweden, Kjellstrom and his brothers, Arvid and Alvar, became the nation's champions, in relays as well as individual competition. They went on orienteering barnstorming tours to the backwoods of Sweden, organizing weekend meets, taking on all comers and making a fairly good income. They used the money they earned from orienteering to perfect and manufacture a fine compass, Silva by name, which combines a rotating, liquid-based compass needle with a protractor. It is the orienteer's delight, particularly the amateur orienteer's delight, for it is a marvel of simplicity and precision. Today, 40 years and millions of Silva compasses later (the firm sells some 750,000 annually), Bjorn Kjellstrom is a wealthy man, an intelligent and influential force in world skiing (he is an executive vice-president of the Fédération Internationale de Ski) and, quite logically, a devoted supporter of the game of orienteering.

Kjellstrom has written the orienteers' bible, a handbook titled *Be Expert with Map & Compass*. It was Kjellstrom who coined the English word "orienteering" (in Swedish it is *o-ringen*), and his company owns the rights to the word.

"I do think orienteering has not caught on in the United States mostly because people have not heard much about it," he says hopefully. "But I am sure it is a game Americans will learn to love. After all, the greatest feat of orienteering in the history of the world was done by Americans—landing a man on the moon."

Perhaps the fourth, fifth and sixth U.S. Orienteering Championships will only a little more popular than was the third. But the chances are very good that ultimately there will be many, many more people like that scratched and sweating enthusiast in the shades and hoat sneakers. For the fascinations and the satisfactions of orienteering—alien and esoteric as the game may sound now—are precisely the stuff of which the Age of Aquarius should be made. **END**

Another bid for the title

Though the recent Trials to select an American team for the 1973 world championship were "bused" in Lancaster, Pa., I somehow feel that Ely Culbertson, that extravagant, authoritarian—and publicity-conscious—bridge expert of the '20s and '30s who turned the game into an internationally popular pastime, would have found a way to get the story on page one. Had Bobby Fischer been playing, the match might even have made network television. But Culbertson is long dead and Fischer's game is chess. So it still may be news to most of the millions of North American bridge players that they will be represented in South America next spring by a team whose average age is 37, despite the fact that its anchor man, B. Jay Becker, will be 69 and thus the oldest player ever to take part in the competition for the Bermuda Bowl.

The Becker squad won by vanquishing six seasoned stars—George Rapée, Bill Graeve, Lew Mathe, Don Krauss, Norman Kay and Edgar Kaplan—each of whom has previously played in world team competition. Collectively they have appeared 22 times, and although *their* average age is only 47, one of them, Rapée, the 3'5½" "little giant" of bridge, was on the team that won us the very first Bermuda Bowl back in 1950.

North-South vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH		WEST		EAST	
♠	A 10 9 7 6 4	♠	K 5	♠	A Q 8 8 2 2
♥	2	♥	10 9 7 6 5 4	♥	K
♦	K 8	♦	A Q 9 4	♦	J 10 7 5
♣	10 7 6 4	♣	3	♣	Q 5 3
SOUTH		EAST		WEST	
♠	—	♠	A K Q J 3	♠	—
♥	A K J 2	♥	6 3 2	♥	—
♦	A K J 8 2	♦	—	♦	—
♣	—	♣	—	♣	—

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
(Anchor)	(Swamson)	(Soloway)	(Belladonna)
PASS	PASS	2 ♠	2 ♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: Jack of spades

Becker, who played for the bowl as early as 1951, will now be Rapée's total of six world-championship appearances. He will also become the first North American competitor to have his son as a member of his team. Twenty-nine-year-old Mike Becker will be making his international debut, as will 30-year-old Andy Bernstein, Mike's partner, and 31-year-old Jeff Rubens, who is paired with the senior Becker. Together, this New York-based foursome won the 1972 Spingold Trophy. But six players are required for world competition, so they added a pair of Californians, Paul Soloway, who played with the current Bermuda Bowl Champion Aces in the 1972 Olympiad, and 35-year-old John Swanson, a veteran of the 1971 Bermuda Bowl campaign in Taiwan, in which he teamed with Mathe, Krauss, Kaplan, Kay and Dick Walsh.

The most dramatic pairing on the new team is that of B. Jay Becker and Rubens. Becker is an ultraconservative who has often refused to play even so widely accepted a convention as Stayman. Rubens, a math teacher, employs advanced ideas on everything from opening bids to opening leads. Expert selectors would have been hard-pressed to put together a less likely partnership. Yet from their base of operations in the closed room this pair kept sending through perfect results on hand after hand, a performance that even the vaunted Blue Team would have found difficult to top. Certainly their opponents in the Trials could not begin to match it.

Although the Rapée team had entered the final as an equal favorite, few observers retained that opinion after Becker's squad jumped off to a 53-IMP lead in the first of five scheduled 32-deal sessions. At the end of the third session that lead had soared to 128 points, and spectators were duly warned that the match might soon be over.

In the fourth session, however, the Rapée team, playing desperate catch-up bridge, recovered 56 IMPs to cut its deficit to a not insuperable 72. But that was all. With a stunning 68-3 perfor-

mance in the first 16 of the final 32 deals, Becker's team skidded its lead to 137 points and left the tournament committee happy to grant the losers' request to dispense with the last half of the session.

The victory was achieved almost entirely by superior bidding, so it would be difficult to cite a hand on which a large gain resulted from superior play. As a case in point, there was this hand, on which Mathe elected to open with a somewhat shaded artificial—and forcing—two-club bid but subsequently sold out on the two level. When Soloway overcalled in Mathe's best suit and North passed, Lew decided that his bid was not forcing upon the opener himself and elected to pass and play for a plus score.

Mathe ruffed his partner's spade opening, cashed the king of clubs and shifted to the 2 of diamonds. North won with the king and returned a club that Soloway ruffed. Soloway then decided that Mathe's unusual pass at his second turn marked him with all six missing hearts so he continued diamonds, enabling North to ruff with the 2 of hearts, and the contract went down three tricks for minus 150. The result in the other room, however, more than recouped this small loss. This was the bidding:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
(B. J. Becker)	(Rubens)	(Soloway)	(Belladonna)
PASS	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
1 ♣	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
4 ♣	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
5 ♣	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: ace of diamonds

In contrast with Mathe, Rubens bid conservatively, but Becker's bidding was intrepid. And right! After leading the ace of diamonds, West shifted to a spade. Rubens ruffed, cashed his two top clubs, leaving the trump queen outstanding, then ruffed a diamond and a heart in dummy to make his game for a 600-point score and a net swing of 10 IMPs.

So we'll have two good teams in the world championship for '73. The Aces, without Paul Soloway, will be in there as defenders, and their top competition could come from Becker & Co. But let's not forget those pesky Italians. Although the Blue Team, as such, will be absent, Italy will be represented by a team that includes Giorgio Belladonna and Benito Garozzo, and any squad that stars these two Blues will be hard to beat. **END**

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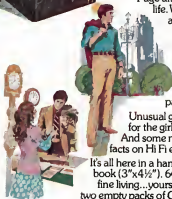
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EVERYONE CAN'T BE FIRST STRING

... not even Johnny Unitas. When the premier quarterback of all time was axed, left kneeling on the sidelines, even the man who had made the decision knew that he had opened 'a can of worms'

by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**

When the news broke that a major convulsion had hit the Baltimore Colts on the heels of their season's miserable start (1-4)—their coach, Don McCafferty, fired, and their great quarterback, John Unitas, benched—I found myself (as a fan and erstwhile temporary last-string quarterback for four plays the year before) struck with a mounting sense of confusion and despair. It was as if the props had been knocked out from under one side of a structure as rock-ribbed and solid and familiar as one's own house, which one had come home to find tilted alarmingly, the piano collapsed against the downside wall in a welter of wires and keys.

What enhanced the shock was that the team's shattered state was so completely unexpected. As recently as 1970 the Colts had been the world champions, and last January missed the Super Bowl by one game. They were coached by a man, McCafferty, who had the best won-loss percentage in the National Football League, and they were led by a legend, Unitas, the best quarterback in the history of the game. Now, suddenly, this glorious, fabled team had a new coach, John Sandusky, McCaf-

continued







Iray and Thomas, a new deal, shuffled the face cards.

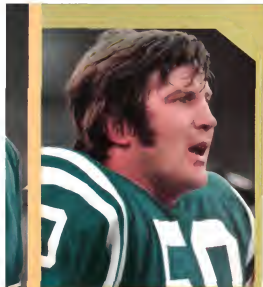


John Sanitky replaced his friend.

Marty Davies replaced a legend.



Mike Curtis believes "innovation" is the winning "system."



Bill Carry believes "an atmosphere of love" wins games.

Events racked Bob Vogel toward retirement.



THE COLTS *continued*

ferty's close friend and former assistant, and a new quarterback, Marty Domres, a former Ivy League player. What on earth had happened?

I knew that there had been a change over the summer in ownership and management—the team exchanged by its former owner, Carroll Rosenbloom, the underwear tycoon, in a complicated trade for the Los Angeles Rams, who had been owned for a day or so by Robert Irby, an air-conditioning magnate from Chicago. When he took over the Colts, Irby hired as his general manager Joe Thomas, who has been widely credited for the composition of two expansion teams that in a remarkably short time became Super Bowl contenders—the Minnesota Vikings and the Miami Dolphins. Almost as soon as he was in control, Thomas had made a statement which I found very reassuring. "The team is a good balanced mixture of veterans and youth," he said, "and not an old club as some make it out to be. Unitas is as good a quarterback as there is in football. He's No. 1. The only problem is who will be No. 2?"

"Exactly," I thought at the time. "The club is in grand hands."

But then, after the fifth game, a loss to Dallas in which the offense was held scoreless, it was decided to bench Unitas, and I began to wonder what sort of hands were at the helm. When I heard the news I thought back on what I remembered of Unitas when I had been at the training camp in the summer of 1971—mainly his presence on the practice field. There, not only the rookies would glance across at him, stunned that they were in the same company, but just about everyone, veterans included, would look over at some point in the day, so that one caught oneself, jaw slightly agape, staring at the Main Man, which was football parlance for the superstar. Sometimes they called him that "damned Lithuanian," or occasionally "The Man," but usually the Main Man.

Those weeks Unitas was practicing the drop-back from the center's snap to test his recovery from an Achilles'-tendon accident the previous winter. Dozens of times a day he did it, taking those seven savage, quick, bustling steps on pipestem legs back into the protective pocket, his shoulders hunched forward under the high pads, the white helmet

continued

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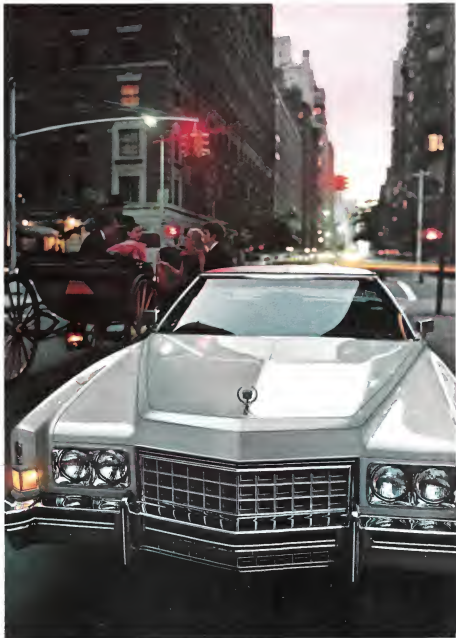
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THE COLTS *continued*

with the blue horseshoes turning first to one side, then the other, the pale small face within, the quick cock of the arm—an utterly familiar process to Baltimore people, as ingrained in them, presumably, as the taste of crab cakes from the Chesapeake.

Jim Brown once told me a story about superstars such as John Unitas. In 1964 the East Pro Bowl squad was coached by Allie Sherman. The coach met his players for the first time on a Los Angeles practice field and he clapped his hands and called out, "All right, let's have a first-team lineup over here." Sherman had no list to refer to; he was suggesting that the right players, out of all those stars, would amble forward. *And that is just what happened.* A team materialized with hardly a word spoken, or even a sidelong glance. The players knew where they belonged; they could evaluate themselves in some private yet universal grading system.

I thought that was extraordinary. "But suppose . . . I mean, suppose a great player was bumble?" I asked.

"The others would wait for him," Brown replied. "The position would stay open until he walked in and filled it. Ballplayers know. Can you imagine any other quarterback, no matter who the guy was, shoving John Unitas aside to get into an All-Star lineup? No, man, no way."

Well, the point was now Unitas *had* been shoved aside, and when the Colts came to New York in late October with their 1-4 record to play against the Jets, I decided to go out to Shea Stadium and look at what Joe Thomas had wrought. It was announced that Marty Domres would not only start the game, but that Unitas would not play unless Domres was hurt. And, just as advertised, Domres stayed in throughout.

From time to time during the game I watched Unitas on the sidelines, hands thrust into the pockets of his blue wind-breaker, standing alone, occasionally turning and restlessly stubbing at the ground with the toe of his football shoe. He was not saddled with the job of talking on the phones to the spotters on the stadium rim, which is often the duty of a back-up quarterback. The times I looked, he was alone, occasionally behind the bench, usually gazing away from where Domres huddled with the offensive coaches on the sidelines.

That last Baltimore scoring drive ended with just a minute and a half left in

the game, when on fourth down Domres passed 13 yards to his flanker, Jim O'Brien, completely alone in the end zone, kneeling there to be sure of the catch. O'Brien received the pass to his midsection like a supplicant, bowing over it in gratitude. With this play the Colts went ahead 20-17. But then in his final series, Joe Namath reared back on third down and pegged an 83-yard touchdown pass to Eddie Bell that worked only because one Colt defender jumped in front of another and tipped the ball to the astonished Bell.

The locker room after a defeat of this sort is not an easy place to visit. Football players can pull themselves together after a rout, because one rationalizes that no amount of personal effort would have had any discernible effect on the outcome. But a close game—well, perhaps a block here or a tackle there, or a pass gathered in would have made the difference . . . and the players sit on the stools in front of their cubicles and think about it.

The Colt custom after a game, whatever the outcome, calls for a short prayer, invariably offered by Bob Vogel, the big offensive tackle. Vogel's prayer is a personal, very chatty address, as if God were sitting atop a ladder placed in the middle of the locker room, chin in hand, like a character in a "meaningful" Broadway play. Vogel told him that they had messed up on various assignments and that they were going to have to knuckle down and work harder. He thanked him for seeing to it that the Colts had gone through the game without serious injury, and he promised him that the next time they would do better. Then the locker-room door was opened and the press was let in.

In Carroll Ravenbloom's day the Colt locker room after a game was open to anyone who took the trouble to cadge an invitation. The players had to pick their way through the crowds to get to the showers. Usually a number of youngsters stood about, in awe of where they were, holding their blue woolen Colt caps in their hands. It was very informal and friendly and it was part of the tradition of the "Colt family."

All of this Joe Thomas had changed. He had announced that the locker room was off limits to everyone except players, club officials and the press. No exceptions. Not even young Jimmy Fray, the owner's 13-year-old son.

—continued



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So for one who remembered the cocktail-party atmosphere of the Rosenbloom era, the locker room seemed almost empty. Marty Domres did have a considerable group of reporters around his cubicle. He has a lean, intelligent face, with light-hued eyes, and he bears a startling, if youthful, resemblance to Prime Minister Trudeau of Canada—the same long-shaped head, the high forehead and the hair thinning in front. He kept his voice low—the reporters leaning in on him, and it occurred to me that he was doing it out of deference to Umetas, just down the line, who, not having done anything more athletic on the sidelines than shrug his shoulders forward under his windbreaker, had taken a quick shower and was bent forward on his stool, lacing his shoes. No one was questioning him.

I continued to wander around. The players were beginning to come out of their shells. One of them pointed out Joe Thomas to me. A slight, thin figure, he was very nattily dressed in a dark pinstriped suit, moving through the locker room somewhat nervously and with an abstracted air, as if he had put an expensive pair of cuff links down and could not remember exactly where. I introduced myself and asked if I could come down to Baltimore the following week and ask him what was going on.

"Any time," he said expansively.

I stopped by Bob Vogel's cubicle. He sat with a towel around his middle. He and I share an interest in bird-watching. He has a bird-feeding station on the lawn in front of his house on the Chesapeake Bay, and he once told me that the most exciting moment of the previous year—this from a man who spends his autumn Sundays trying to remove the likes of Deacon Jones and Bob Lilly and Merlin Olsen from his path—was when a painted bunting came to feed at his station.

"Hey," he said. He did not want to talk about the football game. "Have you ever been to Hawk Mountain?"

"No," I said. "I've heard of it."

"I read somewhere that during the fall migration thousands of hawks fly past there. It's in Pennsylvania. That's what I'd like to do when I quit football—take my kids up there and look at the hawks."

"Are your kids keen on birds?" I asked.

"They'd better be," he said firmly. He looked very determined.

"Which one's Isray?" I asked. "Is he here?"

"The new owner?" Vogel squinted. Bird-watcher's eyes, I thought. "He's the one over there—beyond the towels—the blond one. Reddish plumage and beak."

I grinned at Vogel and went over to Isray. He was staring at the floor. I introduced myself. I had heard he was painfully shy. He shook hands. He has red hair, a big friendly face, red from the cold outside, with a flat nose set upon it. He was wearing a red tie and a red-striped shirt. Vogel was right. He was blond. I told him I was sorry about the Baltimore defeat.

"Let me tell you something," he said, and he gave me a quick look.

"What's that?"

"No one gets off this world alive."

"Oh?"

"That's right."

I left the locker room knowing that it was hardly the place, especially after a Baltimore loss, to sit down with anyone and discuss aspects of the team's collapse. I knew that it was almost surely a complex matter. The mechanism that constitutes a great team is in fact a fragile balance of skills and pride and attitude, quite at variance with such easy descriptive words as "powerhouse" or "juggernaut"; the balance is sensitive enough that it does not take much jarring to throw it out of kilter.

One of the most accurate observers of a phenomenon such as the Baltimore decline would be their All-Pro center, Bill Curry. He is almost invariably referred to as the "articulate spokesman of the Colts," a description he is rueful about, wishing rather wistfully that a word more descriptive of his abilities on the field could occasionally be found: "awesome"; "superaggressive"; "animallike," etc.

I called Curry the next day, and after he had talked about the practical reasons behind the team's difficulties ("We lost our players—John Williams, Norm Bulach, Tom Matte, Eddie Hinton, Bubba Smith"), he began to discuss the team in more general terms. "What made the Colts different," he said, "and perhaps it's the special mark of championship teams, is that we'd cultivated a genuine atmosphere of respect, even love, for

our fellow players. It was a tangible thing, a *force*, and you could actually see it work in the game itself. You could spot it in the films. We'd fall behind in game after game. And yet invariably there'd be a tremendous surge: everybody'd look at each other in the huddle, and you knew that *somebody* was going to make a good play, and that somehow we'd do it in the end.

"It's a subtle quality, and I don't know how you hang onto it. But I know when it begins to slip away. It starts with doubting. You begin to doubt each other. You doubt the front office and the changes it makes in policy and procedure. You get to spending too much time discussing such things, wondering why you have a general manager and an owner who don't know your names. There are too many distractions; your concentration begins to slip away; you substitute it with complacency. You lose a game. You begin to blame others. You find that you're yelling at your teammates during a game, and they at you; and then, perhaps worst of all, you begin to realize that all the shouts of encouragement to get yourself and the others going again are phony and meaningless—false chatter," we call it—and that the reservoir that previously you could dip into for those qualities that had won for you . . . somehow it had dried up."

When the team began to slide, many of the veterans—Bill Curry excepted—were sanguine enough about the need for change but felt that it could have been done without players' prides being stepped on, that thoughtfulness and empathy should have been at a premium at that time. There was none of this. By all accounts, McCafferty had no warning whatsoever that if he did not conform to front-office wishes, he was going to be axed, and thus he had no opportunity to try to cope with a crisis situation. "That's just not the way you treat someone," a player said at the time. John Umetas heard about his demotion on the clubhouse phone. He picked it up and listened for 20 seconds. He hung up the receiver and gestured at the floor. "I'm benched," he said. "They hoped I wouldn't take it as a slap in the face."

The team did not accept this sort of front-office maneuvering complacently. When McCafferty was fired, Bill Curry was not only stunned, but so incensed about the blame for the team's poor showing being publicly set on the coach's

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shoulders that he called for a meeting of the players. Twenty-eight of them turned up in ex-Colt Ordell Brasse's restaurant, the Flaming Pit, where Curry read a strong and emotional statement in which he absolved the coach of blame, criticized the team itself for its play, and the front office for its decision.

Immediately there was criticism. "Too poetic," Mike Curtis, the middle line-backer said. Others felt it was too strong. Curry was astounded. "So many of them were scared," Tom Nowatzke, the big running back, told me. "I kept comparing that meeting in my mind with the time that the Los Angeles Rams met and vowed to quit unless they got their coach, George Allen, back—and it worked. The stars stood up and were counted."

Finally, a somewhat watered-down statement was worked out in which the team acknowledged its share of blame for its showing, and cast its support behind John Sandusky, the new coach.

McCafferty came to see the team for the last time the next day. He spoke briefly. He said he was going to have a lot of free time now, and if anyone there wanted to make up a fourth in a golf game, why to call and let him know. In the absolute silence as he turned to walk out the door, Curry began to cry, perhaps as much for what he was watching happening around him as for his old coach.

Two days after the Colt-Jet game Joe Thomas called up from Baltimore and said that he had changed his mind and decided not to talk to me. It was a distracting matter, and what the Colts organization needed to do was forget the past and concentrate on football. "It's over and done with," he said. "I don't see any reason why that can of worms should be reopened."

"Can of worms?" I said.

"I'm not going to talk. Who the hell cares anyhow?" he went on.

"But you've made some awesome changes," I said. "Sacked McCafferty and benched Unitas. . . ."

"Who cares? I'll tell you something. People don't care. They don't care who the coach is. No one has ever paid a dollar to see a coach on the sidelines. They don't care who the quarterback is as long as he wins. They couldn't care less. They've got their own problems. Who the coach is that's walking up and down the sidelines doesn't mean a thing to

them. I'm sorry. I'm not talking to you. I'm not going to reopen that can of worms."

"You sound like you're ashamed of something," I said, "that you've got something to hide."

"Ashamed?" He was outraged. "I've never been ashamed of anything I've ever done in my life. Have you?"

"Well, of course," I replied. "I mean . . . I . . ."

"You're ashamed of what you've written? Well, what am I doing talking to a writer who's ashamed of what he writes?"

I blinked. "That's not what I meant. But now at least you've got a reason not to talk." I said lamely. "Before, it didn't seem to me you did."

We chatted a bit. I tried to dissuade him. I said I had spoken to so many of the Colts that I needed his side of things.

"I'm not going to open that can. . . ."

He sounded frantic.

"Yes, yes, I know," I said.

I decided to go down to Baltimore anyway. I knew that I would not get much out of either John Unitas or Don McCafferty. Both of them have multiyear contracts; Unitas is for "personal service" for 10 years at a reputed \$50,000 a year, and as for McCafferty, he will collect a quarter of a million dollars over five years for not coaching the team. Being honored with these contracts, perhaps Unitas and McCafferty feel obligated to uphold the Colt management policies, however personally humiliating one finds them. Besides, although they both are stoical, talking to them would have been a painful business.

But there were others. I went to see Bubba Smith. Great Bubba! He moves gingerly through his new house with its purple chairs and the chandeliers and the big bed with its ceiling mirror and the rug on it with the foxtails. He is just off crutches, following his hospitalization after the most ironic of injuries: in an exhibition game in Tampa the kid holding the down marker froze as a play, with Bubba in it, moved helter-skelter toward him. Rather than backing away with the stick, which is the required procedure, he froze, wide-eyed, and Bubba hammered into the pole and drove it, by one estimate, two feet into the ground. Under the awful strain, with his legs wrapped grotesquely around the pole, the innards of his right knee were torn askew.

Bubba was delighted to learn that Joe

Thomas had refused to hear me. "At least he won't try to mess with your mind," he said. That was a phrase I had heard him use so often: "messing with the mind."

"Have they been messing with yours?" I asked.

Bubba snorted. "Just today I got a letter from the front office saying that I would be fined \$100 for every day I missed therapy for my knee. Well, what sort of a letter is that? I like to play football better than anyone. You think I'm going to miss therapy for my knee?" He glared at me. "Well?"

"No, Bubba," I said lastly. "We are first class," Bubba said. "You can't treat a team that's first class like a gang of rookies. Why, when we played the Jets the first time I was fined \$100 for being on the field, down by the sidelines, in my wheelchair."

"What on earth were you doing down there?" I asked. "Someone could have run into you."

"I had seen something," Bubba said. "I got myself wheeled to the bench to tell Billy Newsome [the Colt defensive end who now fills Bubba's position] that he was playing Winston Hill [the Jets' offensive tackle] all wrong. As I was talking to Billy, a policeman came running up, holding onto this walkie-talkie. He apologized and said he could scarce believe what he was supposed to tell me but that word had come down from Joe Thomas that if I didn't clear off the sidelines I was going to be fined \$100. I knew what he was thinking—that I could get hurt—but what a way to ask me to leave!"

Bubba shook his head. "Crazy," he said. "I wonder if Joe Thomas noticed that Winston Hill pushed my wheelchair off the field after the game?" He laughed. "A great friend. He sent flowers to me in the hospital. You've got to have friends—even if you're management. When they can't talk to their ballplayers . . ." he shrugged.

Somewhat to my surprise, Joe Thomas as changed his mind, at least to the extent that he said he would see me and answer questions—although he said he would be "vague." Nonetheless, I agreed, and the day after I saw Bubba I went to talk with Thomas.

The Baltimore Colt office is in a depressed area of town; the stoop outside is often decorated by a collapsed drunk, his bottle in a paper bag beside him.

continued

Thomas was waiting for me in his office, sitting behind a desk that hemmed him in on three sides. The office was entirely functional: the desk had two gray telephones; the only attempt at décor was a fake willow bush standing in a bucket of gravel in the corner.

I began by asking Thomas about the mood of the club.

"It's hard to say," Thomas said, being "vague." But then he became more specific. "There's more wide-eyed spirit."

"Wide-eyed spirit?"

"That's my opinion. It's coming back. It's being brought back by people who really like football. There's been animosity—like there is in any family. But after a while there'll be a meeting of the minds. There'd better be," he said.

He began to talk about the anatomy of his decision-making. "What I've done has not been that difficult. I've always been involved in policy-making. After all, people who don't want to make decisions never go anywhere. From the start, I could see something was wrong. Over the past 11 games, which includes pre-season, the Colts never played good, motivated football. Look at last season's three final games—beaten by New England, only two touchdowns against Cleveland, none against Miami in the 21-0 loss. Well, maybe the drop-off started back then. It begins to lodge in the back of your mind—it would in the mind of any general manager—that not only is something wrong, but something's got to be done about it. A rubber band begins to stretch. First, you try to find out what's wrong—where the leaks are, so you can plug them up. If there isn't any improvement, you really have to do something about it . . . something drastic. The rubber band snaps. It can't be as drastic as firing the 47 players. You've got to blame the top man—just as the country blames the President if things aren't going right, and gets rid of him in an election."

"McCaffery. . . ."

"Out he goes. I'm not a vacillator. It's like marking a true-false test: you can't slide between one choice and another. You make your decision and you mark it."

"It's the old adage, isn't it?" I said. "If the bus keeps breaking down, you shoot the bus driver."

"Something like that," he said. "You can always reckon on change to stir them up."

I asked him about his methods, which most of the team found so upsetting. "What about that telephone call to Unitas?" I asked.

"There is no easy way to do that sort of thing," Thomas said. "Hell, I didn't have to call him at all. But I decided to tell him before he read it in the papers; after all, he's meant so much to the franchise. Now it's done with. It's a new slate . . . a new season, I've got to find out if this other boy can play football. If Marty can't do it, we've got to find someone else."

"I understand about sentiment," he said, looking very solemn. "But I also believe in statements like Branch Rickey's—that the greatest secret is to trade a player a year before he's through, no matter who he is. George Allen over at Washington with his retrade—well, he believes in what he believes in, and maybe he makes it work because he believes in it so strongly. But that's not my way."

"No, I can see," I said.

As I left Thomas's office, I remembered the players describing his first meeting with the team—that he had come to announce, quite nervous, sweating heavily: "I don't care if you guys like me or not. That's not what I'm interested in. I'm interested in winning."

Thomas's views were supported in kind by the most outspoken Colt, the brilliant muddle linebacker, Mike (Mad Dog) Curtis, also called The Animal. Curtis thinks of football as an "extension of childhood" and believes that those who practice it should be treated with the authority and methods used to harness unruly children. He is the one player who will have nothing to do with the NFL Players' Association, being not only a firm believer in the benevolent patriarchy of the club owners, but that football players have never had it so good.

My own clearest memory of Mike Curtis—a vivid example of his insistence on the correctness and order of things—revolved around an incident during the Baltimore-Miami game last year. A man sitting in the front row of the stands decided suddenly to run onto the field and try to make off with the ball as a souvenir. He handed his field glasses and program to a friend sitting next to him. "Hold these, Ed," he said. "I'll be right back."

The Miami offensive huddle was just breaking when he crossed the sidelines. The 60,000 people caught sight of him

almost immediately, and a vast, gusty roar of anticipation went up. Bubba Smith noticed him right away. Bubba was delighted to see him coming because the Baltimore defense had been on the field a long time and he was tired and he hoped this cat would pick up the ball and crazy-leg around the field with it, the police after him, for a good long time, permitting Bubba to thoroughly rest his bones and get his breath back. "I gave him a big smile of encouragement," Bubba told me afterward.

Smith's grin was the last thing the fan saw; just as he picked up the ball, and began scampering off between the two lines, he was hit by Curtis, darting in from his linebacker's spot with a ferocious shoulder block, and, as the ball flew off in one direction, the fan rose up into the air as if launched from a trampoline. Two policemen rushed out, and he was supported swiftly off the field. "What happened?" the fan asked. "You got hit by The Animal—Mad Dog Curtis," one of the policemen answered, shaking his head in wonderment.

The general consensus was that Curtis' reaction was instinctive—that since his whole psyche is geared to removing a football from whomever is carrying it, what triggered his quick, devastating rush was a normal psychological response . . . the territorial imperative at work. (The title of Curtis' recent book is indicative: *Keep Off My Turf*.) Curtis himself, though, produced a more sophisticated reason. "It was anarchy," he told me. "That wise guy was exactly like some stranger climbing over a fence into my yard. He was interfering with the basic law that keeps people in their seats. He was like the 1% of the public that feels it can disrupt the majority with impunity. It's a weak, permissive society that lets them get away with things like that. Such people should not be allowed to disturb the tranquility of the society," he told me firmly. "In our society there are too many malcontents and too much hogwash."

Curtis' feelings about the Colts and the changeover were more or less an extension of these views. "McCaffery set what you might call a 'lenient posture,'" he told me. "That's all right if you're winning, but it's bad if you're losing. Idealistically, ballplayers are supposed to be able to get themselves mentally prepared for a game. Realistically, some-

continued

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Occidental Life

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THE COLTS continued

one's got to beat their tail. You don't believe that?"

"But don't some players bridle under...?"

"A lot of people don't like the sort of humiliation inflicted on them by a Don Shula or a Vince Lombardi, but the point is that their system turns out better football players and stronger teams. I'm a great admirer of Shula's coaching. He just didn't permit mistakes. Mac's attitude seemed to be that mistakes were inevitable and should be kept to a minimum. Well, that's a difficult approach. It's true that Mac had two good years, but the first was a carry-over from Shula, and because we had an easy schedule, and even though that was the Super Bowl year, we didn't exactly pound anybody. It's my feeling that with a club like McCafferty's, which doesn't function under the whiplash, there's not enough intensity. You drop a ball? So what? No, give me the medieval approach."

"What about the function of management?" I asked.

"Well, at the moment the atmosphere is unsettling," Curtis admitted. "Everybody's suddenly an employee; many of them are concerned because they're not being pampered as they once were."

Certainly that was the one tremendous difference the players talked about—the change effected by the absence of Carroll Rosenbloom, the former owner, who had put together the entity of the "Colt family." He did pamper them. Gregarious, easy in public, graceful with words, he enjoyed the closest of relationships, both socially and professionally, with his players. For some of them he could also be a true inspiration at football. Bubba Smith once told me, "What used to be in the Colt locker room was a good, sweet atmosphere, and I'd sit there before a game and know that the boss was going to be coming through and that he'd lean over me and he'd say, 'Let's have a good game,' not a pep talk, nothing like that, but he said it in a way that you knew you meant something to him, that you were not just a carcass. That was something I waited for every Sunday. Not much, was it? But afterward I felt like going out and ripping up the stadium for him."

The new owner, Irsay, is the antithesis of all this. He is a shy man, uncomfortable with people, who struggles through such public events as a press con-

ference. At his first official appearance as the owner of the Colts, he announced into a battery of microphones that the trade for the Rams had been made and that "we have transacted a deal." Against his hopes, he remains distant from his team.

He has an astonishingly difficult time with players' names, rather than embarrass them by a mispronunciation or a clean miss he calls everyone "Tiger," or occasionally "Big Fellow." It seems almost a pathological difficulty. Bubba Smith, one of the most famous players on the team, he calls "Boho," and even his general manager, Joe Thomas, a man to whom he talks twice a day on the phone, and who possesses a foolproof name, one would think, is referred to by Irsay with the "th" pronounced ... "Joe Thomas."

Irsay has appeared once before the whole team, prior to a preseason game in Kansas City. He arrived late. In fact, McCafferty went up to the hotel lobby to look for him, and while he was gone Irsay suddenly appeared and stepped up to say a few words. He was obviously extremely shy and awkward. He talked a little about himself. He said that he was a self-made man. He had purloined \$800 into an empire. He had married a Polish girl. At this point, John Jirik, the Polish avastant coach standing in the back of the room, gave a glad cry, which caused a ripple of merriment amongst the team. But the outburst seemed to startle Irsay. He finished up quickly, wishing the team luck in the game, and rushed from the room. McCafferty reappeared, looking slightly bewildered, and said that he had looked around in the lobby and Irsay was nowhere to be found.

"Well, he's come and gone," someone told him. "He talked. You missed it."

"Oh," said McCafferty.

Irsay is evidently much more at home in the large wood-paneled office of his air-conditioning plant in Skokie, Ill. Mementos are everywhere. Behind his desk are three mounted fish—a dolphin, a barracuda and a waffleyed pike, all with jaws violently ajar, ready to snap.

"Let me tell you something," he said to me there. "After watching the Colts play 10 games and looking at the players, I knew I had to make changes. We had so much talent it was not even funny. But they didn't give a damn. Everyone sulked. Nobody knew who they

continued

were playing next to. Why, they had people in the locker room talking *business* before a game. Don McCafferty is one of the greatest guys personalliywise there is. But *football-think* together... his method doesn't work... because if you lose games, something's got to be wrong with the coaching."

He got up and began pacing swiftly around his office. He was wearing red again—tee, shirt and socks. His sentences came in sharp bursts. "I talked to Mac. I guess he didn't listen too carefully. I suggested that he start Domres. Well, if he had won with Unitas, he'd have looked good. Right? But he didn't. So that was it. It's my club. I paid \$19 million. It's my \$19 million." He glared at me.

"I understand that," I said. "What about the methods... John Unitas?"

"Why couldn't they have accepted it?" he asked, almost plaintively. "Everyone can't be first string. Why can't people like Tom Matte think back when some veteran had to sit down on the bench for him to play? Why can't they accept it the way Bart Starr accepted it? [Starr, now coaching the Green Bay quarterbacks, in fact retired because of a physical ailment to his throwing arm.] We're not trying to sideline anyone. It's very hard. Why can't they be... well, decent about it?"

There is something truly touching about Iray. He talks about the dream he has always had about owning a great team. Why? To win, of course. "That little win we had over Cincinnati is one of the greatest things I've ever experienced." But what actually motivates him is a child's awe of the players themselves, a blatant hero worship that tongues him. "What I'd really like to do," he said, "is to invite some of them out on the *Mighty I*, my boat, after the last game this year and we could have a few beers and talk. I'd be proud to have dinner with them. I'm a Colt-lover. I saw Boho Smith at a banquet in Cincinnati. What a guy! But maybe they won't come to the boat," he said sadly. "Some of them I guess don't like me."

I kept being reminded of what one of his players had said—that Iray had struck them as the sort of man who wanted to be a friend, desperately, but did not have the slightest idea how to go about it.

Iray, living in Chicago, is rarely on

the scene in Baltimore. He flies in for the games. The players see him in the locker room afterward. "Hi, Tiger Great game, Big Fellow." Joe Thomas, of course, they see much more of. He comes out to the practices. He stands quietly, often very close to the players, though rarely saying a word. The veterans, who have evolved a number of nicknames for him—"Piccolo Player" is one—refer to him at these times, seeing him come across the field, as the "Ominous Presence." "Oh-oh, look sharp, here comes the Ominous Presence." "He stands and eyeballs you," one of the players told me. "And frankly, it sort of takes the fun out of practice. He's like Poe's raven. He perches there, just a few feet away, and peers at you and you keep expecting him to cry out, 'Nevermore!'"

The routine goes on. The players work hard for John Sandusky, whom they admire. They have growing respect for Domres. With him at the quarterback position they have won four of six games since the Jet loss I saw in New York; but they speculate about what Unitas would have done in the same position, and what the younger players would have learned from his active tutelage. And the rumors continue to fly. The most persistent one is that Thomas will make a clean sweep; that he must start afresh; that subconsciously he never could have accepted a ready-made championship team. In the turmoil players find qualities in their fellows they had not appreciated before. Curry is in awe of his line coach, Red Miller, who through it all has kept his sense of determination and optimism. The humor is always there, whatever the situation, Dan Sullivan, the offensive tackle, suggests that Tom Matte, livid with fury at being sidelined and inactive, be outfitted with leather handles on the sides of his rib cage, if he really wants to contribute, so that he can be set up around the field as a tackling dummy. In the drills, Bill Curry and Mike Curtis go full at each other—almost as if they were bent on canceling their ideological differences. For Curry it is partly a therapy for getting his mind off what has been worse than a nightmare. "But, in fact, it's the best sort of practice in the world," he told me. "After a week of trying to block down on Curtis, the two of us really going at it, the linebacker you go up against on Sunday is so slow that

it seems like he's running in water."

Of course, the greatest tonic for a team in the dumps is victory; in Baltimore's case, being a team of such particular tradition, a special kind of victory. The Colts achieved it over Cincinnati, not just "our little win," as Iray had described it, but a triumph over adversity in which reserves of championship quality had to be tapped. After the Jet game, Baltimore had lost to Miami, beaten New England quite easily, then lost to San Francisco. This was the game in which Unitas came in for Domres, who had been knocked temporarily silly, for one awful play in which, after having received a standing ovation from the 49er crowd, he was not only thrown for a 21-yard loss on a pass attempt but fumbled the ball away to the 49ers, who quickly scored—a humiliation so appalling, considering Unitas' situation, that blessed if I, watching the game on television, didn't find myself comparing it to King Lear's on the heath. But then came the Cincinnati game—and it was the sort of donnybrook that Bill Curry had been talking about—won 20-19 as the final gun went off by a Jim O'Brien field goal. As the ball went through the uprights Curry heard a curious whooping sound behind him—Bob Vogel it turned out to be, the 10-year veteran, and he was leaping straight up and down like a klipspringer gone berserk. He shouted at Curry as they trotted off the field together that it was the best game he could remember since the Super Bowl.

"It came back right there," Curry said to me afterward. "It was like old times. I don't know whether it will stay with us. But it was there."

I had heard that Bob Vogel had decided to retire—after those 10 years at offensive tackle for the Colts. Could he have changed his mind after the Cincinnati game? I doubted it. I wondered vaguely what the true reason was, and I thought of calling him to find out. But then I remembered that in the locker room after the Jet game he had told me about Hawk Mountain, and how he had always regretted that the football season was on during the fall bird migration and interfered with going up to Pennsylvania with his children to see the hawks floating in the thermals by the hundreds above the steep stands of oak and hemlock. It would not have been worth calling to find that was not the reason.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 6-11

BOKING — A laborer, in his eighth, **RON LYKE** stepped Larry Maderlein at 2-1 in the third round at that time in the first round in the 19th and 17th rounds.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL — The head coach began his 10th season as a coach in 1983 at the University of California-Davis in the Riverside Bowl at Atlanta, Ga. **EDDIE DIANA**, a 1983 All-American, finished 1983 in the Grantland Rice Bowl and 1983 in the NCAA College Football National Championship. **EDDIE DIANA** was a 21-30 winner over Carson Newman in the NCAA Championship Bowl and 1983 in the Grantland Rice Bowl at Atlanta, Ga. **EDDIE DIANA** was a 21-30 winner over Carson Newman in the NCAA Championship Bowl and 1983 in the Grantland Rice Bowl at Atlanta, Ga. **EDDIE DIANA** was a 21-30 winner over Carson Newman in the NCAA Championship Bowl and 1983 in the Grantland Rice Bowl at Atlanta, Ga.

BOKING — **NIE** broke his winning streak by losing a 75-100 final. **DAVIDSON** and **DAVIDSON** won a 4-1 victory over **DAVIDSON** in the first round of the first round. **DAVIDSON** won a 4-1 victory over **DAVIDSON** in the first round of the first round. **DAVIDSON** won a 4-1 victory over **DAVIDSON** in the first round of the first round. **DAVIDSON** won a 4-1 victory over **DAVIDSON** in the first round of the first round.

WHA — New England continued its winning streak in the 1983 season by winning its first game in the first round of the first round. **WHA** won a 4-1 victory over **WHA** in the first round of the first round. **WHA** won a 4-1 victory over **WHA** in the first round of the first round. **WHA** won a 4-1 victory over **WHA** in the first round of the first round.

HOCKEY — **FORGE** (19-0-0) drew away from Toronto and held on a 1-0 victory. **FORGE** won a 1-0 victory over **FORGE** in the first round of the first round.

PRO BASKETBALL — **NBA** — In the Central Division, **ATLANTA** and **ATLANTA** were tied for first place. **ATLANTA** won a 4-1 victory over **ATLANTA** in the first round of the first round. **ATLANTA** won a 4-1 victory over **ATLANTA** in the first round of the first round. **ATLANTA** won a 4-1 victory over **ATLANTA** in the first round of the first round.

ABA — After a slow start, **Keydets** won a 1-0 victory in the first round. **Keydets** won a 1-0 victory over **Keydets** in the first round of the first round.

West Division leader, Linn scored two three-point goals during his 28 points and 10th career in Kentucky moved to within 15 points of six-place Carolina. **Carolina** (107-104) moved into Detroit had the home crowd cheering. **Carolina** scored 107-97 with 3-0 with 3-0 when a three-pointer by **Mark** led to a win. **Carolina** scored a victory. **Carolina** scored a victory. **Carolina** scored a victory.

PRO FOOTBALL — **NFC** — **DALLAS** (10-1) and **GREEN** (1-1) clinched playoff spots but a 1-0 victory over **GREEN** moved a victory. **GREEN** won a 1-0 victory over **GREEN** in the first round of the first round. **GREEN** won a 1-0 victory over **GREEN** in the first round of the first round.

AFL — For the first time, in club history, **PITTSBURGH** has a player in the first round. **PITTSBURGH** won a 1-0 victory over **PITTSBURGH** in the first round of the first round. **PITTSBURGH** won a 1-0 victory over **PITTSBURGH** in the first round of the first round.

SWIM — **CAROLINA** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **CAROLINA** in the first round of the first round. **CAROLINA** won a 1-0 victory over **CAROLINA** in the first round of the first round.

SWIMMING — **JAMES** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **JAMES** in the first round of the first round. **JAMES** won a 1-0 victory over **JAMES** in the first round of the first round.

TENNIS — **CHARLES** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **CHARLES** in the first round of the first round. **CHARLES** won a 1-0 victory over **CHARLES** in the first round of the first round.

ALPINE — **AWARD** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **AWARD** in the first round of the first round. **AWARD** won a 1-0 victory over **AWARD** in the first round of the first round.

TRI — As general manager of the New England Patriots, **PAUL** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **PAUL** in the first round of the first round.

IBR — **CHUCK** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **CHUCK** in the first round of the first round. **CHUCK** won a 1-0 victory over **CHUCK** in the first round of the first round.

IBR — As head football coach at Cornell University, **PAUL** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **PAUL** in the first round of the first round.

REINOLD — After three years as head football coach at Purdue, **REINOLD** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **REINOLD** in the first round of the first round.

WITHDRAWN — From U.S. Olympic Committee, **PAUL** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **PAUL** in the first round of the first round.

D — **DAVID** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **DAVID** in the first round of the first round. **DAVID** won a 1-0 victory over **DAVID** in the first round of the first round.

44, 28 — **James** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **James** in the first round of the first round. **James** won a 1-0 victory over **James** in the first round of the first round.

44, 28 — **James** (1-1) won a 1-0 victory over **James** in the first round of the first round. **James** won a 1-0 victory over **James** in the first round of the first round.

FACES IN THE CROWD



A. B. B. (JOAN) HARRISON, a 72-year-old golfer from Clearwater, Fla., shot her age on the par-70 Hound Ears Lodge and Club near Broward Park, N.C. Mrs. Harrison has twice won the women's title of the International Senior Champions Tournament.



PETE GRANDES, a junior at Towson High, had four consecutive three-goal games in leading the Generals to the Maryland and Baltimore County, Md. AA-A soccer championships. Grandes, an inside striker, accounted for seven goals in the state playoffs.



PATTY CORNHILL, 14, of Frederick, Md., turned in a record time of 9:18 for a 15-mile swim at University Park, Pa. In becoming the youngest winner of the Girls U.S. Track and Field Federation cross country meet. She lowered the old record by 15 seconds.



KEN SCHROCK, a senior at Granger-High, for Granger-High (Idaho) High, threw 25 straight-down passes this season to lead his school to the undefeated championship of the Central Idaho League for the first time since 1954. The Bulldogs won all seven league games.



GARY WASHINGTON of the Colorado School for the Deaf and the Blind scored 35 touchdowns this year to increase his final career total to 83 in eight-man football competition. The 6'2", 200-pound halfback averaged 40 yards on 22 points this season.



JEFF LITTLE, a senior at Sequoia High in Redwood City, Calif., made 14 goals in a three-game season to capture the water polo scoring championship in the South Peninsula Athletic League. Little accounted for 61 goals in 15 league games and his 46', of his shots.



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A Night to, alas, Remember

High on former Goalie Ken McAuley's 1944 list of low points you will find a certain Red Wing-Ranger hockey game by JOE FALLS

It was the worst of games in the worst of years, but looking back on that ghastly evening in 1944, the chief victim can chuckle about it now. Ken McAuley, 51 years old and living in Edmonton, Alberta, takes a philosophic view. His loss was everybody else's gain. "I ask people when they remind me of that night, 'Where would the Detroit Red Wings have been without me? I gave them the confidence to become big stars.'"

He certainly did. After a couple of hours of hapless struggle, the young goalie for the wartime New York Rangers made hockey history and led an otherwise undistinguished Red Wing team into the NHL record book in eight different categories: four of the records still stand. What McAuley recalls most vividly about his fiasco was the condition of the ice. "They never had to clear off the other end," he says. "It wasn't even marked."

As with most professional sports, the war cut deeply into the rosters of the National Hockey League. By the 1943-44 season the teams were well populated with aging ex-retainees, 4-F rejects or amateurs pressed hastily into professional uniforms to fill the gaps. The situation caused strange turns—making Herbie Cain of the Boston Bruins the league scoring leader with 82 points, for example, when his best previous year had produced a meager 36. It led to such unusual contests as the game in which the Bruins scored two goals in the first 37 seconds against the Rangers. And then there was the night of Jan. 23, 1944.

The Rangers arrived in Detroit with one of the wretched records in hockey history. (By the end of that season they would win only six games, tie another five and lose 39, the team's total of 17 points for the 1943-44 season would be a couple of weeks' work for the modern-day Rangers.) The squad showed up with only 12 players for the Sunday night game. Against them the Red Wings had a decent

team, by wartime standards. Mud Bruneteau, Syd Howe and Carl Liscombe were still around from prewar days, and Flash Hollett, the masterful defenseman, had been brought from Boston. Bill Quackenbush and Don Grosso, whom everyone called "The Count," were still effective players. It looked to be a fairly easy night for the Detroiters.

The Rangers at last got started on a hopeful note. Bryan Hextall, one of the pros still adorning the roster, took a pass from Kilby Macdonald in the opening moments, got a breakaway and lined a shot at Connie Dinn, the Red Wing goaltender. The puck seemed to enter the net, but the scoring light did not go on. The Rangers argued, but Referee Norm Lamport supported the ruling of no goal and the game continued.

In a couple of minutes McAuley's odyssey began. Murray Armstrong of the Red Wings flipped a Hal Jackson rebound into the Rangers' net. Then Red Wing Defenseman Cully Simon was penalized for two minutes, and even with a Detroit man in the box, the Rangers never got their sticks on the puck as Howe, Bruneteau, Quackenbush and Hollett worked it around expertly. By the time the penalty period was over, the fans were on their feet in a standing ovation. To cap it off, Hollett fed Quackenbush a clear shot past McAuley from 10 feet out and the score stood 2-0.

In the next 40 minutes the Red Wings poured 58 shots at McAuley. They scored two times in the first period, five times in the second and eight times in the third—15 goals in all. Every player except Simon and the goalie—either scored a goal or got an assist. Howe ran in three goals, making him the greatest scorer in Detroit history—149 over a 10-year career. Not until another Howe, name of Gordie, came along did the record fall.

It was the worst of a series of bad evenings for McAuley that year. During the 1943-44 season he gave up 310 goals,

an average of 6.20 goals per game. In the 15-0 Red Wing debacle he allowed two goals each to Armstrong, Grosso and Liscombe, while Jackson, Bruneteau, Hollett, Quackenbush, Ken Kilrea and Adam Brown got one apiece. The Red Wings took advantage of two penalties called on Defenseman Bob Dill of the Rangers to score four times in a span of only six minutes in the second period. It was the worst shellacking any team, let alone any goalie, ever has taken in the NHL.

The Red Wings, for their part, made the record books with such marks as Most Consecutive Goals, One Team, One Game (15), Most Points, One Team, One Game (37), Most Goals, One Team, One Period (8) and Most Points, One Team, One Period (22).

And it might have been worse, the contest almost wound up 16-0. As the green light flashed to end the slaughter, Liscombe skated in with still another score. By that stage of the game the Red Wings were larking, trying to feed the puck to any player they felt needed another goal to his credit. At the end of the game someone took out the scoring light and gave it to McAuley.

It was, all in all, what might be termed a humiliating night for the embattled goalie, and when he returned to the dressing room he was fuming. His teammates recall that he slammed his stick to the floor and refused to speak to anyone. Finally, Bucko McDonald, a rotund defenseman, walked over. "Hey, don't let it worry you," he said. "There have been a lot of goalies in this league, but none of them ever set a record like that." To his credit, McAuley managed to muster a smile.

The incident set a nasty precedent—at least from the point of view of the Red Wings and McAuley in particular. Two weeks later the Rangers returned to Detroit for a rematch. The result, for the Rangers, was not much better. The Red Wings won 12-2. Syd Howe collected six goals that night.

McAuley remained as an active player in the league only one more season after his 15-0 disgrace, but—perhaps in gratitude—the Red Wings later hired him as a coach in their farm system. Today he enjoys hanging around the rinks and he coaches teams of children in Edmonton. Against which no one, happily, has ever scored as many as 15 goals.

END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PHILADELPHIA STORY

Sirs:

Thank you for the amusing and ironically respectful look at the Land of the Last—Philadelphia (*Enough Crack! About Philly!* Dec. 4). Being a lifelong fan of Philadelphia sports, I can identify with much of the article.

Let it be understood, however, that Philadelphiaans appreciate professional talent as much as or more than residents of any other American city. Rare items are always valued higher. The popularity of the Flyers, the rampant excitement over the 1964 Phillies, the explosive interest in the second-half 1971 Eagles (only to have them lose their way somewhere in the off-season) and the adoration of Steve Carlton are just a few examples of this appreciation.

While faithful Philadelphia rooters deserve infinite credit, perhaps Rudy Carpenter could trade the fair-weather fans for Curt Flood. Keep watching and waiting, Philly, we've got no place to go but up.

CLIFF STEFFY

Auburn, Pa.

Sirs:

As one who has assiduously avoided the city of Philadelphia for most of his life, I enjoyed the article by Herman Wenskopf.

But please, let's give credit where credit is due. It was our own woebegone New England Patriots to whom Ed Mannaro was referring when he said, "I'd like to play for the Patriots [not Eagles] for a year and then go on to the pros."

May I propose a true Super Bowl between the Eagles and the Pats? The stakes could be, say, the Old North Church steeple vs. the Liberty Bell. Loser takes all.

No group of so-called Philadelphiaans can take away what might have been our No. 1 draft pick.

GLENN A. BRIERE

Amherst, Mass.

• Mannaro used the line about local teams while speaking in several cities, including Philadelphia, Boston and Cleveland.—ED.

Sirs:

Although I recently moved to Florida, I am a longtime fan of Philadelphia sports. I immensely enjoyed Herman Wenskopf's article on the City of Brotherly Booming. I agree that our Phillies are hopeless, our Eagles are ridiculous and our 76ers deplorable, but one point I disagree on. Big Five basketball is definitely the best in the country. It is a poor season if at least three of the schools don't go to a postseason tournament.

The record speaks for itself. Penn has won the Ivy League title the last three years, and this year may win its fourth. Villanova has never missed a postseason tournament in the 11 seasons Jack Kraft has been there. Temple (the 1969 NIT winner), St. Joseph's and La Salle are consistently on top in the MAC. Say what you want about our other teams, but don't jive with the Big Five.

RUDOLF KAYE

Fort Myers, Fla.

Sirs:

What a rotten article! It not only captures the personality and character of Philadelphia and its fans than it does the personality and fans of Shanghai.

And talk about the "Philadelphia fighter," your author is a perfect fit.

Boo! to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Boo! to Herman Wenskopf.

Boo! to the mailman who delivers SI.

Boo! to my dog for not biting him.

Boo! to my son for subscribing.

Boo! to anyone I may have missed.

WILLIAM C. BUSCH

Reston, Va.

Sirs:

A group of us native-born Philadelphiaans now located in Mobile, Ala. read Herman Wenskopf's article with mounting indignation interrupted by fits of hysterical laughter. We have appointed several committees to consider whether we should cancel our subscriptions to your publication, and we expect to be in touch with you on this matter within a decade or two.

C. C. HEISLER

Mobile, Ala.

Sirs:

How could you discuss W.C. Fields as your article without mentioning the inscription on his tombstone? Fields paid the City of Brotherly Love a grudging compliment (or perhaps delivered a final blow to municipal pride) when he directed that his epitaph read: "I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

ROBERT J. DWYER

New York City

• Even in death W. C. Fields did not pay a grudging compliment to the city. The bronze plate above his ashes at Forest Lawn Park in Glendale, Calif. simply reads: "W. C. Fields—1880-1946." His alleged and oft-quoted epitaph—"On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia"—stems from a series of such inscriptions conjured up by *Vanity Fair* magazine in the 1920s. ED.

Sirs:

Perhaps it is true that Philadelphia has had more than its share of poor trade deals, over-sensitive superstars and under-sensitive and unappreciative fans. And perhaps it is also true that Philadelphia "boasts" a tradition of apathy and failure.

I have gotten out of Philadelphia, but mine is not a permanent leave of absence. I look forward to my earliest return so that I can, once again, join the large contingent of Philadelphiaans who find pleasure, solace and pride in participating in the one pastime you overlooked—booing the boozers.

ALAN SILVERMAN

Clinton, N.Y.

HE WASN'T BOOED

Sirs:

How ironic that the amusing article by Herman Wenskopf appeared in the same issue as the four-line death notice of Francis X. Reagan, the University of Pennsylvania football star of 1938-40.

Nobody in Philadelphia ever booed Frank Reagan, his accomplishments verged on the incredible. As a sophomore in 1938 Reagan completed a long pass in the waning seconds of a 0-0 Cornell game, against a team that was ranked among the nation's 10 strongest that season. Only a fine tackle on the Cornell 25 prevented the Penn receiver from going all the way in the mud and rain. In the 1939 Penn-Michigan game at Franklin Field, won by Michigan 19-17, Reagan outgained the great Tom Harmon in total yardage, even though Harmon had one of his best games.

In 1940 Reagan led Penn to the most decisive routs in the gridiron histories of Army (48-0) and Yale (50-7). But he saved his greatest performance for the last, scoring all three Penn touchdowns in the Quakers' sensational 22-20 win over Cornell, a team that had given up only two touchdowns that year.

To me, the intercollegiate football Hall of Fame will be a meaningless institution until the name of Frank Reagan is admitted. But whether it ever is or not, he will forever be enshrined in the hearts of all who saw him.

LONDON MANNING

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

UNION MEN OR HEROES

Sirs:

I don't think the Alex Hawkins controversy should be extended indefinitely, but I do believe the disinterested reader you quoted in SCORCAIRO ("Am-Alex," Nov. 23) was wrong. He missed the point of Hawkins' statement dismissing the NFL Players' As-

societies has long "outlived its usefulness."

I have worked on the sports staff of the New York Daily News and ABC over the past 10 years, so my interest in sport is substantial. It is also dwindling, for the very reason Hawkins cites: overkill. All young sports fans tried to know all the major league managers and, possibly, the starting lineups of the American and National League teams. They knew the head coaches and most of the players in basketball, football and hockey. Now, even when you work at it for a living, as I do, I'd wager the same is no longer true. How can the average sports fan be expected to know the first line of the Houston Aeros or Atlanta Flames?

And how can a man work up enthusiasm for Archie Clark or Vida Blue? Clark has to struggle alone on \$10,000 for a year's work and Blue doesn't feel an \$80,000 raise is adequate. Heroes! They are longshoremen, going on strike and complaining about lunch hours and wash-up time.

The age of the hero is gone. The age of the individual is past. Collective bargaining is the name of the game. It must seem suspicious to any reasonable man that all votes by the various players' associations are unanimous. Can 1,000 men with minds ever agree on anything? Unanimously?

Your reader chose poor examples to sustain his untenable position. Can anyone deny that the glamour has vanished from the theater and from Hollywood? Does anyone believe that a tenth of the romanticism remains in the newspaper business?

Collective bargaining is a democratic right, he says. Not a right in most places, alas, but a requirement. There is no democracy in it. One must belong to the appropriate union or one cannot have the job. The choice is gone. Freedom is gone. It is another victory for the totalitarianism of unions.

There are too few Alex Hawkines left in this country. Mike Curtis showed rare courage by revolting against his union. Let us hope that someday other athletes will have the strength and morality to do the same. It would be nice to watch individuals compete again, to root for a man in a battle of heroes. Until then, we must ignore sport or watch two guys with lunch pails, representatives of Local 765, ho-hum their way through the day. After all, they don't have to win or even perform well. They have their security. Management can't fire them, because they're in the union and they have seniority.

OTTO PUNZLER

BROOKS, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your reader's dissent relative to Alex Hawkins' dismissal of the NFL players' Association compares that association with Actors' Equity and the Newspaper Guild.

How many legitimate pluses are successful on Broadway today? How many newspapers are left in New York City? One bright spot remains. When Alex' logical prediction comes true, we won't have to listen to Howard Cosell on Monday night. No strong union will put up with those working hours.

FIRMIN WILSON

Lynchburg, Va.

CHICAGO VARIETY

Sirs:

As a sometime student at the University of Chicago and a full-time member of the Kanza Marching Band, Loyalist For Fiction, I express my thanks for Herman Wouk's depiction of varsity football here (*Chicago Is a Tossler Team*, Nov. 27). With today's emphasis on victory at any price (in order to fill massive stadiums for the purpose of fattening, or in most cases balancing, athletic-department coffers), it is refreshing to witness a program that is truly centered on the wants and needs of the student who is incidentally an athlete, and not the other way around. Improvement in the caliber of the football program at Chicago will come, but never at the cost of sacrificing student interests for the interests of mere victory or masked professionalism.

Who knows, given a few brief decades of gradual improvement, we could end up as the westernmost member of that conference of football factories known as the Ivy League!

THOMAS M. BODENBERG

Chicago

ANSWERING US

Sirs:

I do hate to correct the representatives of that noted home of academia quoted in Dan Jenkins' article on USC (*That's Not Thunder You Hear, It's USC*, Nov. 27), but UCLA's football program, along with the rest of its athletic program, is self-sufficient and not supported by taxation.

Perhaps the individuals so quoted had been attending the "Radcliffe of the West," they would be receiving an education along with their football training and would be less likely to make such a false accusation. Perhaps, too, they would have experienced the satisfaction of winning two straight Rose Bowls (a triumph not recorded by USC since 1945).

No, that's not thunder you hear in Los Angeles—it's arrogance. Instead of gaining the humility which hopefully might come from being evicted from their Pasadena "home" for two years, the football factory is returning to its old ways. With a "neat sense of humor," I suppose, one is permitted a disdain for sportsmanship.

TIM FERGUSON

BRAD BOWMAN

Santa Ana, Calif.

Sirs:

As a former UCLA student and eternal UCLA fan, I had to chuckle at the USC football players' contention that UCLA has "the best team your taxes can buy." This would mean that USC, being a private institution and therefore not relying on limited public funds, has the best team its money can buy!

ROX CORNELL

San Carlos, Calif.

Sirs:

Stanford, which USC Coach John McKay refers to as "Radcliffe of the West," must pick athletes who are also scholars. There are a few prerequisites to get into Stanford, John. Also he must be saying that a girl's school (Radcliffe was once all female) beat USC those last two years.

DAVE HICKS

Salem, Ore.

NATE AND THE WARRIORS

Sirs:

A standing ovation to Peter Curry for the long-awaited article on the Golden State Warriors (*Could Have Been, Now Must Be*, Nov. 27). Last year all I read about was the Lakers, Bucks and Knicks. With the additions of Rick Barry and newly acquired Mahdi Abdul-Rahman, the Warriors should keep pace with the Lakers and maybe even go all the way to the NBA championship. But special thanks go to Pete, from me and all Warrior fans, for finally giving Nate (The Great) Tharmond the credit he deserves.

RICK SPICARS

Quincy, Calif.

OLD ALTA

Sirs:

We were delighted and happy to read your article about Snowbird in your Nov. 20 issue (*The New Snowplaces Are Snowplaces*) and the long overdue recognition of our former Alta site (though we still consider him part of our community), Ted Johnson. We feel that your article really got to the essence in describing how wonderful Snowbird is.

Some minor corrections are in order, however. Poor "unassuming, shambling old Alta" has five lodges, not four, with 600 beds (vs. Snowbird's 350), and the lodges in Alta, with their new additions, are nationally recognized as being among the best and most modern in the nation. While we are still the Mecca of powder skiers, we also have two relatively new double-chair lifts serving beginners and novices in one of the finest and biggest machine-packed beginning areas to be found anywhere, as well as a new area for intermediate skiers.

A more serious omission in the article, and perhaps even more significant than ours and Snowbird's facilities, great snow and convenient location, is the unique fact that

continued

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19TH HOLE

Two ski areas, side by side, have established a rapport and a cooperative, harmonious relationship—a coming-together that probably cannot be found anywhere else in the world. We have arranged a package ticket, allowing people to ski in both areas, as well as in nearby Park City, with which we enjoy the same cooperative relationship. Indeed, we in Utah like to think that people who come here enjoy this harmonious spirit as much as the beautiful skiing and the wonderful ambience.

WILLIAM H. LEVITT
Mayor
Town of Alta

Alta, Utah

UGANDA'S OLYMPIAN

SIR,

Although Kenny Moore finished fourth in the Olympics marathon, it is glaringly apparent that he deserves a gold medal in journalism for his unveiling of Uganda's John Akii-Busa in *A Play of Light and Shadow* (Nov. 20). To borrow from Moore's prose, one finds the article to be "fermentally worth" reading. With grand and precise strokes that are not unequal to the elegance of the Ugandan sky at sunset, Moore gives a wonderful account of a genuine and likable fellow. Further, one is presented with another and perhaps more important insight from this excellent commentary. That is, in a small country like Uganda, which is torn apart internally, the Olympics take on special significance, for they create not only heroes, but also national spirit.

You did very much, Kenny Moore.
JOHN E. RICHMOND
Needham, Mass.

SIR,

One had to be at the Munich Olympics, Games, to really appreciate Kenny Moore's article about John Akii-Busa of Uganda. Despite the tragedies and bizarre happenings, the 400-meter hurdle event brought together three of the finest athletes. Dave Hemery, 1968 Olympic champion, Ralph Mann, the leading contender, and Akii-Busa. In winning, Akii-Busa was superb in establishing an amazing world record of 47.82. But his victory lap was most expressive of his elation, as was his acceptance of the gold medal on the victory stand. As Kenny Moore put it, "Akii-Busa most symbolized what the Olympic Games might have been."

John Akii-Busa, a humble, well-conditioned and disciplined athlete, is truly the Sportsman of the Year.

EDWARD E. BRUNNER

Middletown, Pa.

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